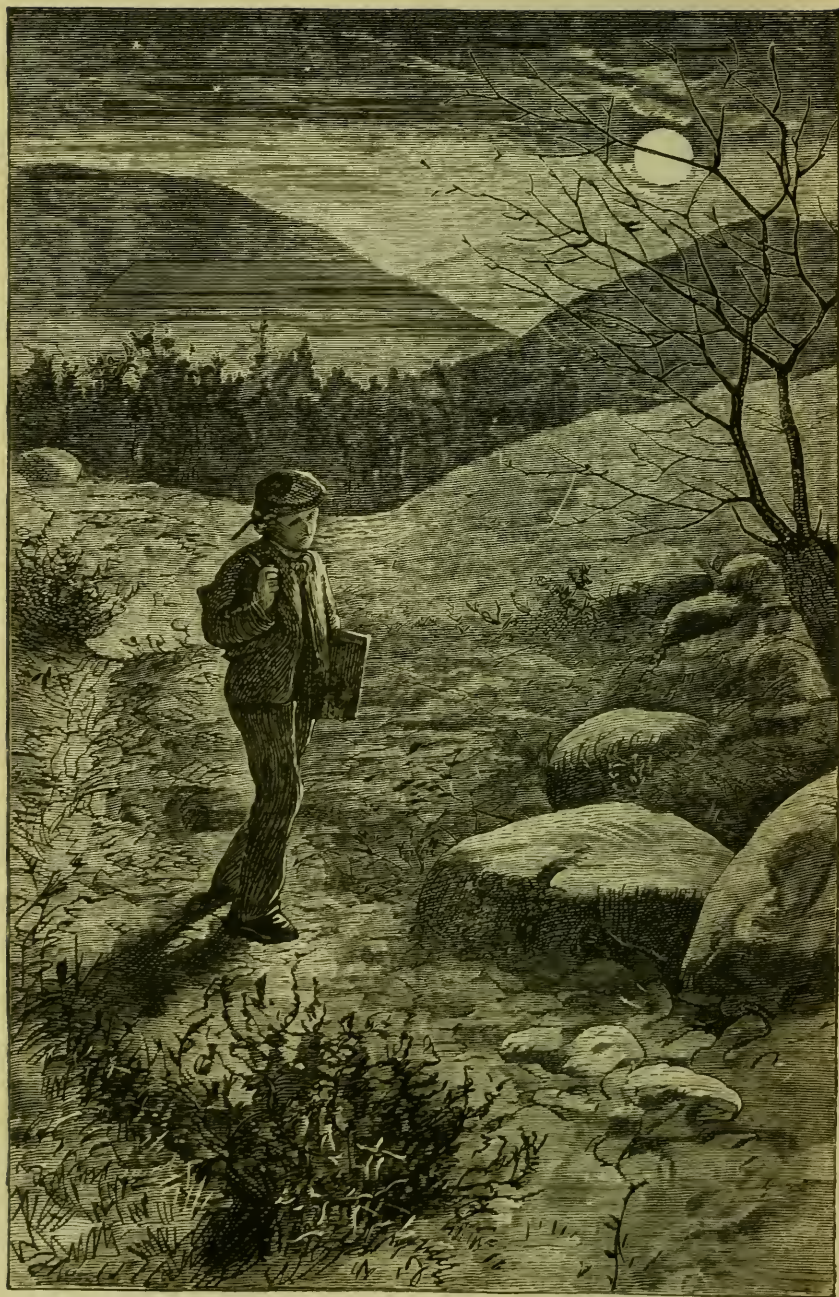




ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



Lyra Germanica :
HYMNS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND
CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE
CHRISTIAN YEAR.



Songs for the Household.

SACRED POETRY; MOSTLY TRANSLATED FROM
THE GERMAN

BY
CATHERINE WINKWORTH.



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1882.

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W



TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN,

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THESE HYMNS ARE, BY HIS KIND PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THE TRANSLATOR.



PREFACE.

THE following hymns are selected from the Chevalier Bunfen's "Versuch eines allgemeinen Gefang und Gebetbuchs," published in 1833. From the large number there given, about nine hundred, little more than one hundred have been chosen. This selection contains many of those best known and loved in Germany, but in a work of this size it is impossible to include all that have become classical in that home of Christian poetry. In reading them it must be remembered that they are hymns, not sacred poems, though from their length and the intricacy of their metres, many of them may seem to English readers adapted rather to purposes of private than of public devotion. But the singing of hymns forms a much larger and more important part of public worship in the German

Reformed Churches than in our own services. It is the mode by which the whole congregation is enabled to bear its part in the worship of God, answering in this respect to the chanting of our own Liturgy.

Ever since the Reformation, the German church has been remarkable for the number and excellence of its hymns and hymn-tunes. Before that time it was not so. There was no place for congregational singing in public worship, and therefore the spiritual songs of the latter part of the middle ages assumed for the most part an artificial and unpopular form. Yet there were not wanting germs of a national Church poetry in the verses rather than hymns which were sung in German on pilgrimages and at some of the high festivals, many of which verses were again derived from more ancient Latin hymns. Several of Luther's hymns are amplifications of verses of this class, such as the Pentecostal hymn here given, "Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,"* which is founded on a German version of the "Veni Sancte Spiritus, Reple." By adopting these verses, and retaining their well-known melodies, Luther enabled his hymns

* Page 117.

to spread rapidly among the common people. He also composed metrical versions of several of the Psalms, the Te Deum, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Nunc Dimittis, the Da nobis Pacem, &c. thus enriching the people, to whom he had already given the Holy Scriptures in their own language, with a treasure of that sacred poetry which is the precious inheritance of every Christian Church.

The hymn, "In the midst of life,"* is one of those founded on a more ancient hymn, the "Media in vita" of Notker, a learned Benedictine of St. Gall, who died in 912. He is said to have composed it while watching some workmen, who were building the bridge of Martinsbruck at the peril of their lives. It was soon set to music, and became universally known; indeed it was used as a battle-song, until the custom was forbidden on account of its being supposed to exercise magical influences. In a German version it formed part of the service for the burial of the dead, as early as the thirteenth century, and is still preserved in an unmetrical form in the Burial Service of our own Church.

* Page 235.

The carol, "From Heaven above to earth I come,"* is called by Luther himself, "a Christmas child's song concerning the child Jesus." He wrote it for his little boy Hans, when the latter was five years old, and it is still sung from the dome of the Kreuzkirche in Dresden before day-break on the morning of Christmas Day. It refers to the custom then and long afterwards prevalent in Germany, of making at Christmas-time representations of the manger with the infant Jesus. But the most famous of his hymns is his noble version of the 46th Psalm, "God is my stronghold firm and sure,"† which may be called the national hymn of his Protestant countrymen. Luther's hymns are wanting in harmony and correctness of metre to a degree which often makes them jarring to our modern ears, but they are always full of fire and strength, of clear Christian faith, and brave joyful trust in God.

From this time there has been a constant succession of hymn-writers in the German church. Paul Eber, an intimate friend of Melancthon, wrote for his chil-

* Page 12.

† Page 173.

dren the hymn, "Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God,"* which soon became a favourite hymn for the dying. Hugo Grotius asked that it might be repeated to him in his last moments, and expired ere its conclusion. Another hymn of the same class is, "O weep not, mourn not, o'er this bier,"† the "*Jam mœsta quiesce querela*" of Prudentius II. translated by Nicholas Hermann, the pious old precentor of Joachimsthal, a hymn long sung at every funeral.

The terrible times of the Thirty Years' War were rich in sacred poetry. Rist, a clergyman in North Germany, who suffered much in his youth from mental conflicts, and in after years from plunder, pestilence, and all the horrors of war, used to say, "the dear cross hath pressed many songs out of me," and this seems to have been equally true of many of his contemporaries. It certainly was true of Johann Heermann, the author of some of the most touching hymns for Passion Week, who wrote his sweet songs under great physical suffering from ill health, and amidst the perils of war, during which he more than once escaped murder as by a miracle. So too the

* Page 239.

† Page 249.

hymns of Simon Dach,* professor of poetry in the University of Königsberg, speak of the sufferings of the Christian, and his longing to escape from the strife of earth to the peace of heaven.

But the Christians of those days had often not only to suffer, but to fight for their faith, and in the hymns of Altenburg and von Lowenstern we have two that may be called battle-songs of the church. The former published his hymn, "Fear not, O little flock, the foe,"† in 1631, with this title: "A heart-cheering song of comfort on the watchword of the Evangelical Army in the battle of Leipzig, September 7th, 1631, God with us." It was called Gustavus Adolphus' battle-song, because the pious hero often sang it with his army; and he sang it for the last time immediately before the battle of Lützen. The latter, von Lowenstern, was the son of a fiddler, whom the Emperor, Ferdinand III. ennobled for his public services: he was at once a statesman, poet, and musician. His hymn, "Christ, Thou the champion of the band,"‡ was a favourite of Niebuhr.

* Pages 129 and 252.

† Page 17.

‡ Page 105.

Another favourite hymn of Niebuhr was the hymn to Eternity,* the greater part of which is of very ancient but uncertain date. It received its present form about the middle of the 17th century.

Many of the hymns of Paul Gerhardt belong to this period, though he lived until 1676, long after the conclusion of peace. He is without doubt the greatest of the German hymn-writers, possessing loftier poetical genius, and a richer variety of thought and feeling than any other. His beautiful hymn, "Commit thou all thy ways," is already well known to us through Wesley's translation, and many others of his are not inferior to it. He was a zealous preacher for several years at the Nicolai-Kirche in Berlin; whence he retired because he had not sufficient freedom in preaching the truth, and became Archdeacon of Lubben. With him culminated the elder school of German sacred poetry, a school distinguished by its depth and simplicity. Most of its hymns are either written for the high festivals and services of the Church, or are expressive of a simple Christian faith, ready to dare or suffer all things for God's sake. To this

* Page 24.

school we must refer, from their spirit, two hymns written a little later; the first is, "Jesus my Redeemer lives,"* one of the most favourite Easter hymns, written by the pious Electress of Brandenburg, who founded the Orphan House at Oranienburg. The other, "Leave God to order all thy ways,"† was written by George Neumarck, Secretary of the Archives at Weimar. It spread rapidly among the common people, at first without the author's name. A baker's boy in New Brandenburg used to sing it over his work, and soon the whole town and neighbourhood flocked to him to learn this beautiful new song.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century a new school was founded by Johann Franck, and Johann Scheffler, commonly called Angelus. The former was burgomaster of Guben in Lusatia; the latter physician to Ferdinand III.; but in 1663 he became a Roman Catholic, and afterwards a priest. The pervading idea of this school is the longing of the soul for that intimate union with the Redeemer of the world, which begins with the birth of Christ in the heart, and is perfected after death. This longing

* Page 93.

† Page 152.

breathes through the hymns of Franck given in this collection; one of them, "Redeemer of the nations, come,"* is a translation of the "Veni, Redemptor gentium" of St. Ambrose. Angelus dwells rather on the means of attaining this union by the sacrifice of the Self to God through the great High-priest of mankind, an idea expressed in his hymns with peculiar tenderness and sweetness. We find much of his spirit and sweetness lingering in modern times about the few hymns of the gifted Novalis.

The greatest poet of this school is however Gerhard Tersteegen, who lived during the early part of the eighteenth century as a ribbon manufacturer at Muhlheim. His hymns have great beauty, and bespeak a tranquil and childlike soul filled and blessed with the contemplation of God. The well-known hymn of Wesley's, "Lo God is here! let us adore," belongs to him, and in its original shape is one of the most beautiful he ever wrote, but is frequently met with only in a disfigured and mutilated form. To this school belong a large number of the hymns in this collection, among which those of Defzler,† an

* Page 186.

† Pages 59, 147.

excellent philologist of Nuremberg, and of Anton Ulrich,* the pious and learned Duke of Brunswick, are particularly good. Those of Schmolck, the pastor of Schweidnitz, who exercised great influence over the hymn-writing of his day, have more simplicity than most of the rest, but are characterised by a curious mixture of real poetry and deep feeling with occasional vulgarities of expression. The defects of this school, which showed themselves strongly in the course of the eighteenth century, were a tendency that the feeling should degenerate into sentimentality, and the devout dwelling of the heart on Christ's great sacrifice into compassion and gratitude for His physical sufferings,—defects which greatly disfigure many of the Moravian hymns. In some of the hymns here translated the expression "Christi Wundenhohle" occurs, which has been rendered by the blood or cross of Christ, as being phrases at once more scriptural and more consonant to our feelings. There were not wanting however, even at this period, many hymns fit for good soldiers of Jesus Christ, such as "Who seeks in weakness his excuse," † and others of the same kind.

* Pages 145, 159, 220.

† Page 149.

Germany is rich in Morning and Evening Hymns, and Hymns for the Dying, of which a few are given in these translations. Among these is the morning hymn of Baron von Canitz: I was not aware until after translating it that it had been already published at the close of one volume of Dr. Arnold's sermons.

The hymn "How blest to all Thy followers, Lord, the road,"* was the favourite hymn of Schelling.

In translating these hymns the original form has been retained with the exception, that single rhymes are almost invariably substituted for the double rhymes which the structure of the language renders so common in German poetry, but which become cloying to an English ear when often repeated; and that English double common or short metre is used instead of what may be called the German common metre, the same that we call Gay's stanza, which is scarcely solemn enough for sacred purposes. In a few instances slight alterations have been made in the metre, when, as is the case with some excellent hymns in our own language, it is hardly grave and dignified enough for the poetry. These alterations are but

* Page 175.

flight, and seemed justifiable, since these hymns have been translated, not so much as specimens of German hymn-writing, as in the hope that these utterances of Christian piety which have comforted and strengthened the hearts of many true Christians in their native country, may speak to the hearts of some among us, to help and cheer those who must strive and suffer, and to make us feel afresh what a deep and true Communion of Saints exists among all the children of God in different churches and lands.

Alderley Edge,
July 16th, 1855.





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Lyra Germanica.



FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darknefs, and put on the armour of light.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

O WATCHMAN, will the night of sin
Be never past?
O watchman, doth the day begin
To dawn upon thy straining fight at last?
Will it dispel
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell?

Now all the earth is bright and glad
With the fresh morn;
But all my heart is cold and dark and fad;
Sun of the soul, let me behold Thy dawn!
Come Jesus, Lord!
Oh quickly come, according to Thy word!

Do we not live in those blest days
 So long foretold,
When Thou shouldst come to bring us light
 and grace?
And yet I sit in darkness as of old,
 Pining to see
Thy glory ; but Thou still art far from me.

Long since Thou cam'st to be the light
 Of all men here;
And yet in me is nought but blackest night.
Wilt Thou not then to me, Thine own, appear?
 Shine forth and blest
My soul with vision of Thy righteousness!

If thus in darkness ever left,
 Can I fulfil
The works of light, while of all light bereft?
How shall I learn in love and meekness still
 To follow Thee,
And all the sinful works of darkness flee?

The light of reason cannot give
 Life to my soul;
Jesus alone can make me truly live,
One glance of His can make my spirit whole.
 Arise, and shine
On this poor longing, waiting heart of mine!

Single and clear, not weak or blind,
 The eye must be,

To which Thy glory shall an entrance find;
 For if Thy chosen ones would gaze on Thee,
 No earthly screen
 Between their souls and Thee must intervene.

Jefus, do Thou mine eyes unfeal,
 And let them grow
 Quick to difcern whate'er Thou doft reveal,
 So fhall I be deliver'd from that woe,
 Blindly to ftray
 Through hopelefs night, while all around is day.
 RICHTER. 1704.

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Behold the fig-tree and all the trees ; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see that these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

A WAKE, thou careless world, awake!
 The final day shall surely come ;
 What Heaven hath fixed Time cannot
 shake,

It cannot sweep away thy doom.
 Know, what the Lord Himself hath spoken
 Shall come at last and not delay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
 His steadfast word can ne'er be broken.

Awake! He comes to judgment, wake!
 Sinners behold His countenance
 In beauty terrible, and quake
 Condemn'd beneath His piercing glance.
 Lo He to whom all power is given,
 Who sits at God's right hand on high,
 In fire and thunder draweth nigh
 To judge all nations under Heaven.

Awake, thou careless world, awake !

Who knows how soon our God shall please

That suddenly that day should break ;

We fathom not such depths as these.

O guard thee well from lust and greed,

For as the bird is in the snare,

Or ever of its foe aware,

So comes that day with silent speed.

The Lord in love delayeth long

The final day, and grants us space

To turn away from sin and wrong,

And mourning seek His help and grace.

He holdeth back that best of days,

Until the righteous shall approve

Their faith and hope, their constant love ;

So gentle us-ward are His ways !

But ye, O faithful souls, shall see

That morning rise in love and joy ;

Your Saviour comes to set you free,

Your Judge shall all your bonds destroy ;

He, the true Joshua, then shall bring

His people with a mighty hand,

Into their promised father-land,

Where songs of victory they shall sing.

Rejoice ! the fig-tree shows her green,

The springing year is in its prime,

The little flowers afresh are seen,

We gather strength in this great time.

The glorious summer draweth near,
When all this body's earthly load,
In light that morning sheds abroad,
Shall wax as funshine pure and clear.

Arise, and let us day and night
Pray in the Spirit ceaselessly,
That we may heed our Lord aright,
And ever in His prefence be.
Arise, and let us haste to meet
The Bridegroom standing at the door,
That with the angels evermore
We too may worship at His feet.

Rist. 165.

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

And it shall be said in that day; Lo! this is our God, we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord, we have waited for Him, and we will rejoice in His salvation.—FROM THE LESSON.

HOW shall I meet Thee? How my heart
 Receive her Lord aright?
 Desire of all the earth Thou art!
 My hope, my sole delight!
 Kindle the lamp, Thou Lord, alone,
 Half dying in my breast,
 And make thy gracious pleasure known
 How I may greet Thee best.

Her budding boughs and fairest pails
 Thy Zion strews around;
 And songs of praise and sweetest psalms
 From my glad heart shall sound.
 My desert soul breaks forth in flowers,
 Rejoicing in Thy fame;
 And puts forth all her sleeping powers
 To honour Jesus' name.

In heavy bonds I languish'd long,
 Thou com'st to set me free;
 The scorn of every mocking tongue—
 Thou com'st to honour me.

A heavenly crown Thou dost bestow,
And gifts of priceless worth,
That vanish not as here below
The riches of the earth.

Nought, nought, dear Lord! had power to move
Thee from Thy rightful place,
Save that almighty wondrous Love
Wherewith Thou dost embrace
This weary world and all her woe,
Her load of grief and ill
And sorrow, more than man can know;
Thy love is deeper still.

Oh write this promise in your heart,
Ye sad at heart, with whom
Sorrows fall thick, and joys depart,
And darker grows your gloom.
Despair not, for your help is near,
He standeth at the door
Who best can comfort you and cheer,
He comes, nor stayeth more.

Vex not your souls with care, nor grieve
And labour longer thus,
As though your arm could ought achieve,
And bring Him down to us!
He comes, He comes with ready will,
By pity moved alone,
All pain to soothe, all tears to still,
To Him they all are known.

Ye shall not shrink nor turn aside,
 Fearing to see His face
 So deep your sins, for He will hide
 The darkest with His grace.
 He comes, He comes, to save from sin,
 All sinners to release,
 For all the sons of God to win
 The heritage of peace.

Why ask ye what the wicked faith,
 Why heed his craft and spite?
 The Lord destroys him with a breath,
 He stands not in His sight.
 Christ comes, He comes, as King to reign!
 Then gather ye His foes,
 From earth's far corners; yet in vain
 Would ye His rule oppose.

He comes to judge the earth, and ye
 Who mock'd Him, feel His wrath;
 But they who loved and fought Him see
 His light o'er all their path.
 O Sun of Righteousness! arise,
 And guide us on our way,
 To yon fair mansion in the skies
 Of joyous, cloudless day.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1653

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say unto you,
Rejoice . . . The Lord is at hand.—FROM THE EPISTLE

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here;
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
Creator, wife is Thy decree!

The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings
Praise, O my God, to Thee!
O Saviour, great Thy deeds shall be!

Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!

The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
 Praise, O my God, to Thee!
 Comforter, for Thy comfort free!

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
 Adorn'd with prayer, and love, and joy;
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin.
 Praise, O my God, be Thine,
 For word, and deed, and grace divine.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
 My heart to Thee, here, Lord, abide!
 Let me Thy inner presence feel,
 Thy grace and love in me reveal,
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
 Until our glorious goal be won!
 Eternal praise and fame,
 Be offer'd, Saviour, to Thy Name!
 WEISZEL. 1635.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A CAROL.

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that
shall be to all people.—LUKE ii. 10.

FROM heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you, this night, is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth, His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling clothes and manger dark

There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladfome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near,
To see this wondrous gift of God
Who hath His only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee!

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be,
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvets soft and filken stuff
Thou hast but hay, and straw so rough,
Whereon Thou king, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased Thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honour, wealth and might
Are nought and worthless in Thy fight.

Ah dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song—

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

LUTHER.

Written for his little son Hans. 1540.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us
FROM THE GOSPEL.

O THOU essential Word,
Who from eternity
Dwelt with the Father and wast God,
Who art ordain'd to be
The Saviour of our race;
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
To this my longing heart!

Come, self-existent Word,
Within my spirit speak,
In that blest soul where Thou art heard
Peace dwells without a break.
Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart,
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

Why didst thou leave Thy throne,
O Jesus, what could bring
'Thee to a world where e'en Thine own
Knew not their rightful King?
Thy love beyond all thought,
Stronger than Death or Hell,
And my deep woe, this wonder wrought
That Thou on earth dost dwell.

Wherefore I fain would give
My heart and soul, dear Lord,
To serve Thee only while I live
And spread Thy fame abroad.
O Jesus, take away
This stony heart of mine!
Give me another heart, I pray,
That shall be wholly Thine.

Let nought be left within
But cometh of Thy hand;
Root quickly out the weeds of sin,
My cunning foe withstand.
From Thee comes nothing ill,
'Tis he doth set the tares;
Make plain my path before me still,
Save me from all his snares.

Thou art the Life, O Lord!
Sole Light of Life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be pour'd
In vain on my dark heart.
Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away,
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day!

LAURENTI. 1700.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

I have seen, I have seen the afflictions of my people.

FROM THE LESSON.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes
faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's faints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall The faints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

ALTEI BURG.

Gustavus Adolphus' Battle-song. 1631.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

IF Thou, True Life, wilt in me live,
Consume whate'er is not of Thee;
One look of Thine more joy can give
Than all the world can offer me.
O Jesus, be Thou mine for ever,
Nought from Thy Love my heart can sever,
That Thou hast promised in Thy Word;
Oh deep the joy whereof I drink,
Whene'er my soul in Thee can sink,
And own her Bridegroom and her Lord.

O Heart, that glow'd with love and died,
Kindle my soul with fire divine;
Lord, in the heart Thou'lt won, abide,
And all in it that is not Thine
Oh let me conquer and destroy,
Strong in Thy love, Thou Fount of Joy.
Nay, be Thou conqueror, Lord, in me;
So shall I triumph o'er despair,
O'er death itself Thy victory share,
Thus suffer, live, and die in Thee.

And let the fire within me move
 My heart to serve Thy members here ;
 Let me their need and trials prove,
 That I may know my love sincere
 And like to Thine, Lord, pure and warm ;
 For when my soul hath won that form
 Is likest to Thy holy mind,
 Then I shall love both friends and foes,
 And learn to grieve o'er others' woes,
 Like Thee, my Pattern, true and kind.

The light and strength of faith, oh grant,
 That I may bring forth holy fruit,
 A living branch, a blooming plant,
 Fast clinging to my vine—my root.
 Thou art my Saviour, whom I trust,
 My Rock,—I build not on the dust,—
 The ground of faith, eternal, sure.
 When hours of doubt o'ercloud my mind,
 Thy ready help then let me find,
 Thy strength my sickening spirit cure.

Nor let my hope e'er fade away,—
 Thy cross the anchor of my heart,—
 But let her rise o'er fear, dismay,
 Conqueror through Thee; mine All Thou art.
 The world may build on what decays,
 O Christ, my Sun of Hope, my gaze
 Cares not o'er lesser lights to range;
 To Thee, in Love, I ever cleave,
 For well I know Thou ne'er wilt leave
 My soul, Thy love can never change.

Wouldst Thou that I should tarry here,
 I live because Thou willest it:
 Or Death should suddenly appear,
 I shall not fear him, Lord, one whit,
 If but Thy Life still in me live;
 Thy holy death my strength shall give
 When earthly life draws near its end;
 To Thee I give away my will,
 In life and death remembering still
 Thou seek'st my good, O truest Friend.

SINOLD. 1710.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

MATT. xviii. 3.

DEAR Soul, couldst thou become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
Then God Himself were ever near,
And Paradise around thee here.

A child cares nought for gold or treasure,
Nor fame nor glory yield him pleasure;
In perfect trust, he asketh not
If rich or poor shall be his lot.

Little he recks of dignity,
Nor prince nor monarch feareth he;
Strange that a child so weak and small
Is oft the boldest of us all!

He hath not skill to utter lies,
His very foul is in his eyes;
Single his aim in all, and true,
And apt to praise what others do.

No questions dark his spirit vex,
No faithless doubts his soul perplex,
Simply from day to day he lives,
Content with what the present gives.



Scarce can he stand alone, far less
Would roam abroad in loneliness;
Fast clinging to his mother still,
She bears and leads him at her will.

He will not stay to pause and choose,
His Father's guidance e'er refuse,
Thinks not of danger, fears no harm,
Wrapt in obedience' holy calm.

For strange concerns he careth nought;
What others do, although were wrought
Before his eyes the worst offence,
Stains not his tranquil innocence.

His dearest work, his best delight,
Is, lying in his mother's sight,
To gaze forever on her face,
And nestle in her fond embrace.

O childhood's innocence! the voice
Of thy deep wisdom is my choice!
Who hath thy lore is truly wise,
And precious in our Father's eyes.

Spirit of childhood! loved of God,
By Jesus' Spirit now bestowed;
How often have I long'd for thee;
O Jesus, form Thyself in me!

And help me to become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
That I may find God always near,
And Paradise around me here.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

Behold a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.

FROM THE GOSPEL.

THEE, O Immanuel, we praise,
The Prince of Life, and Fount of Grace,
The Morning Star, the Heavenly
Flower,
The Virgin's Son, the Lord of Power!

With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing,
Praise, honour, thanks to Thee we bring,
That Thou, O long-expected guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest!

E'er since the world began to be,
How many a heart hath longed for Thee;
Long years our fathers hoped of old
Their eyes might yet Thy Light behold.

The prophets cried: "Ah, would He came
To break the fetters of our shame;
That help from Zion came to men,
Israel were glad, and prosper'd then!"

Now art Thou here; we know Thee now
In lowly manger liest Thou;
A child, yet makest all things great,
Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.

All heavens are Thine, yet Thou dost come
To sojourn in a stranger's home;
Thou hangest on Thy mother's breast
Who art the joy of spirits blest.

Now fearless I can look on Thee,
From sin and grief Thou sett'st me free;
Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest Death,
Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.

Thou art my Head, my Lord Divine,
I am Thy member, wholly Thine,
And in Thy Spirit's strength would still
Serve Thee according to Thy will.

Thus will I sing Thy praises here
With joyful spirit year by year;
And they shall sound before Thy throne,
Where time nor number more are known.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1650.

THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply
our hearts unto wisdom.—PSALM xc. 12.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
And yet to thee Time hastes away,
Like as the warhorse to the fray,
Or swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
For even as on a perfect sphere
End nor beginning can appear,
Even so, Eternity, in thee
Entrance nor Exit can there be.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an Eternal Now,
Never, we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as God is God, so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh lasting joy, Oh lasting pain!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O Man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That both beyond all time endure.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
How terrible art thou in woe,
How fair where joys for ever glow!
God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
They who lived poor and naked rest
With God for ever rich and blest,
And love and praise the highest good,
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A moment lasts all joy below,
Whereby man sinks to endless woe,
A moment lasts all earthly pain,
Whereby an endless joy we gain.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who ponders oft on thee is wise,
All fleshly lusts shall he despise,
The world finds place with him no more;
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who marks thee well would say to God,
Here, judge, burn, smite me with Thy rod,
Here, let me all Thy justice bear,
When time of grace is past, then spare!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Lo, I, Eternity, warn thee,
O Man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain,
To them who love their God, rich gain!
Ponder, O Man, Eternity!

WULFFER. 1648.

EPIPHANY.

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of
the Lord is risen upon thee !—FROM THE LESSON.

ALL ye Gentile lands awake!
Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
See the day-spring o'er you break,
Heralding a morn divine,
Telling, God hath call'd to mind
Those who long in darkness pined.

Lo! the shadows flee away,
For our Light is come at length,
Brighter than all earthly day,
Source of being, life, and strength!
Who so on this Light would gaze
Must forsake all evil ways.

Ah how blindly did we stray
Ere shone forth this glorious Sun,
Seeking each his separate way,
Leaving Heaven unfought, unwon;
All our looks were earthwards bent,
All our strength on earth was spent.

Earthly were our thoughts and low,
In the toils of Folly caught,

Tofs'd of Satan to and fro,
Counting goodness all for nought;
By the world and flesh deceived,
Heaven's true joys we disbelieved.

Then were hidden from our eyes
All the law and grace of God;
Small and great, the fools and wise,
Wanting light to find the road
Leading to the heavenly life,
Wander'd lost in care and strife.

But the glory of the Lord
Hath arisen on us to day!
We have seen the light outpour'd
That must surely drive away
All things that to night belong,
All the sad earth's woe and wrong.

Thy arising, Lord, shall fill
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
Thy arising, Lord, shall still
All my dread of Death's dark power:
Through my smiles and through my tears
Still Thy light, O Lord, appears.

Let me, Lord, in peace depart
From this evil world to Thee
Where thyself sole Brightness art,
Thou hast kept a place for me:
In the radiant city there
Crowns of light Thy saints shall wear.

RIST. 1655.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

I beseech ye therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

Love I know accepteth nought,
Save what Thou, O Love, hast wrought;
Offer Thou my sacrifice,
Else to God it cannot rise.

Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill,
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

Kindle, mighty Love, the pyre,
Quick consume me in thy fire,
Fain were I of self bereft,
Nought but Thee within me left.

So may God the Righteous brook
On my sacrifice to look;
In whose sight no gift has worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

ANGELUS. 1657.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Lift up your eyes unto the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and the people that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my salvation shall be forever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.—FROM THE LESSON.

GOD liveth ever!
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
 Our God is good, in every place
 His love is known, His help is found,
 His mighty arm, and tender grace
 Bring good from ills that hem us round.
 Easier than we think can He
 Turn to joy our agony.
 Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
 Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
 Say, shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
 Who gave the eye its power to see?
 Shall He not hear His children weep
 Who made the ear so wondrously?
 God is God; He sees and hears
 All their troubles, all their tears.
 Soul, forget not 'mid thy pains,
 God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty Whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him, He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where only rest is sweet;
Thy God is great, His mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
Ever doth His truth endure;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

O my Soul, despair thou never!
When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey,
O come to God, and fear Him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.
Pains of hell at look of His,
Change to calm content and bliss.
Soul, forget not in thy pain,
God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewilder'd with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,
And bids them all His fulness know.
In thy sorrows' swelling flood
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
Let earth and heaven outworn with age,
Sink to the chaos whence they came;
Let angry foes against us rage,
Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;
Fear not Death, nor Satan's thrusts,
God defends who in Him trusts;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven; and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater : so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it.—FROM THE LESSON.

THY Word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
 Falls soft on hearts that pine;
 Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
 This heavenly balm of Thine.
 Water'd from Thee
 Let every tree
 Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise,
 And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
 A wedge that cleaveth stone;
 Keen as a fire so burns Thy Word,
 And pierceth flesh and bone.
 Let it go forth
 O'er all the earth,
 To purify all hearts within,
 And shatter all the might of sin.

Thy Word a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads to their Lord who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss Thy light divine.

ANON.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

And he faith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

MY God! lo here before Thy face
I cast me in the dust;
Where is the hope of happier days,
Where is my wonted trust?
Where are the sunny hours I had
Ere of Thy light bereft?
Vanish'd is all that made me glad,
My pain alone is left.

I shrink with fear and sore alarm
When threatening ills I see,
As in mine hour of need Thine arm
No more could shelter me;
As though Thou couldst not see the grief
That makes my courage quail,
As though Thou wouldst not send relief,
When human helpers fail.

Cannot Thy might avert e'en now
What seems my certain doom,
And still with light and succour bow
To him who weeps in gloom?

Art Thou not evermore the same?
Hast not Thyself revealed
In Holy Writ, that we may claim
Thee for our strength and shield?

O Father, compass me about
With love, for I am weak;
Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
Thy pitying glance I seek;
For torn and anguish'd is my heart,
Thou seest it, my God,
Oh soothe my conscience' bitter smart,
Lift off my sorrows' load.

I know Thy thoughts are peace toward me,
Safe am I in Thy hands,
Could I but firmly build on Thee,
For sure Thy counsel stands!
Whate'er Thy Word hath promised, all
Wilt Thou full surely give;
Wherefore from Thee I will not fall,
Thy Word doth make me live.

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows Thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.
'Though strange and winding seem the way
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

Take courage then, my soul, nor steep
Thy days and nights in tears,
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn and weep,
Though dark are now thy fears.
He comes, He comes, the Strong to save,
He comes nor tarries more,
His light is breaking o'er the wave,
The clouds and storms are o'er.

DREWES. 1797.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence . . . To make Thy name known to Thine adversaries, that the nations may tremble at Thy presence.—FROM THE LESSON.

A WAKE, Thou Spirit, who of old
Didst fire the watchmen of the Church's
youth,

Who faced the foe, unshrinking, bold,
Who witness'd day and night the eternal truth,
Whose voices through the world are ringing still,
And bringing hosts to know and do Thy will!

Oh that Thy fire were kindled soon,
That swift from land to land its flame might leap!

Lord, give us but this priceless boon
Of faithful servants, fit for Thee to reap
The harvest of the soul; look down and view
How great the harvest, yet the labourers few.

Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
The prayer Thy Son Himself hath bid us pray;

For lo! Thy children's hearts are stirr'd
In every land in this our darkening day,
To cry for help with fervent soul to Thee,
Oh hear us, Lord, and speak, Thus let it be!

Oh haste to help ere we are lost!
Send forth evangelists, in spirit strong,
Arm'd with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong;
And let them all the earth for Thee reclaim,
To be Thy kingdom, and to know Thy name.

Would there were help within our walls!
Oh let Thy promised Spirit come again,
Before whom every barrier falls,
And ere the night once more shine forth as then!
Oh rend the heavens and make Thy presence felt,
The chains that bind us at Thy touch would melt!

And let Thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land the truth be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force,
And gather to Thy churches far and wide;
And waken Israel from her sleep, O Lord!
Thus bless and spread the conquests of Thy Word!

The Church's desert paths restore,
And stumbling-blocks that long in them have lain,
Hinder Thy Word henceforth no more;
Destroy false doctrine, root out notions vain,
Set free from hirelings, let the Church and school
Bloom as a garden 'neath Thy prospering rule!

BOGATZKY. 1727.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

PURE Effence! Spotless Fount of Light,
That fadeth never into dark!
O Thou, whose eyes, more clear and bright
Than noonday sun, are quick to mark
Our sins; lo, bare before Thy face
Lies all the desert of my heart,
My once fair soul in every part
Now stain'd with evil foul and base.

Since but the pure in heart are blest,
With promised vision of their God,
Sore fear and anguish fill my breast,
Remembering all the ways I trod:
Mourning I see my lost estate,
And yet in faith I dare to cry,
O let my evil nature die,
Another heart in me create!

Enough, Lord, that my foe too well
Hath lured me once away from Thee;
Henceforth I know his craft how fell,
And all his deep-laid snares I flee.

Lord, through the Spirit whom Thy Son
Hath bidden us in prayer to ask,
Arm us with might that every task,
Whate'er we do, in Thee be done.

Unworthy am I of Thy grace,
So deep are my transgressions, Lord,
And yet once more I seek Thy face;
My God, have mercy, nor reward
My deepen'd sins, my follies vain;
Reject, reject me not in wrath,
But let Thy sunshine now beam forth,
And quicken me with hope again.

The Holy Spirit Thou hast given,
The wondrous pledge of love divine,
Who fills our hearts with joys of heaven,
And bids us earthly toys resign;
O let His seal be on my heart,
O take Him never more away,
Until this fleshly house decay,
And Thou shalt bid me hence depart.

But ah! my coward spirit droops,
Sick with the fear that enters in
Whene'er a soul to bondage stoops,
And wears the shameful yoke of sin;
Oh quicken with the strength that flows
From forth the Eternal Fount of Life,
My soul half-fainting in the strife,
And make an end of all my woes.

I cling unto Thy grace alone,
Thy steadfast oath my only rest;
To Thee, Heart-searcher, all is known
That lieth hidden in my breast;
Thy gladness, Spirit, on me pour,
Thy ready will my sloth inspire,
So shall I have my heart's desire,
And serve and praise Thee evermore.

FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1713.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I,
not as one that beateth the air.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

STRIVE, when thou art call'd of God,
When He draws thee by His grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

Fight, though it may cost thy life,
Storm the kingdom, but prevail,
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

Wrestle, till through every vein
Love and strength are glowing warm,
Love, that can the world disdain,
Half-love will not bide the storm.

Wrestle, with strong prayers and cries,
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be pass'd in sighs,
Though all day thy voice ascend.

Hast thou won the pearl of price,
Think not thou hast reach'd the goal,
Conquer'd every sin and vice
That had power to harm thy soul.

Gaze with mingled joy and fear
 On the refuge thou hast found;
 Know, while yet we linger here
 Perils ever hem us round.

Art thou faithful? then oppose
 Sin and wrong with all thy might;
 Care not how the tempest blows,
 Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful? Wake and watch,
 Love with all thy heart Christ's ways,
 Seek not transient ease to snatch,
 Look not for reward or praise.

Art thou faithful? Stand apart
 From all worldly hope and pleasure,
 Yonder fix your hopes and heart,
 On the heaven where lies our treasure.

Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
 Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
 Daily conquering woe and wrong,
 Till our King o'er earth shall reign!

WINKLER. 1703.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent; His glory is above the earth and heaven.—PSALM cxlviii. 13.

NOTHING fair on earth I see
But I straightway think on Thee;
Thou art fairest in my eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies!

When I see the reddening dawn
And the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To Thy glorious form divine.

Oft I think upon Thy light
When the grey morn breaks the night;
Think, what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all Eternity!

When I see the moon arise
'Mid Heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think, more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I think in spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be!

When along the brook I wander,
Or beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to Thee, the purest Fount.

Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Sweet the flute's soft plaintive tale,
Sweeter than their richest tone,
Is the name of Mary's Son.

Sweetly all the air is stirr'd
When the Echo's call is heard;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Beloved's voice.

Come then, fairest Lord, appear,
Come, let me behold Thee here,
I would see Thee face to face,
On Thy proper light would gaze.

Take away these veils that blind,
Jesus, all my soul and mind;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee truly as Thou art!

ANGELUS. 1657.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ;
but the greatest of these is charity.—FROM THE EPIS-
TLE.

MANY a gift did Christ impart,
Noblest of them all is Love;
Love, a balm within the heart
That can all its pains remove;
Love, a star most bright and pure;
Love, a gem of priceless worth,
Richer than man knows on earth;
Love, like beauty, strong to lure;
Love, like joy, makes man her thrall,
Strong to please and conquer all.

Love can give us all things ; here
Use and beauty cannot sever ;
Love can raise us to that sphere
Whence the soul tends heavenwards ever ;
Though one spake with angel tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
If no love his heart inspire,
They are but as fleeting songs ;
All his eloquence shall pass,
As the noise of sounding brass.

Keen-eyed science' searching glance,
 All the wisdom of the world,
 Mysteries that the soul entrance,
 Faith that mighty hills had hurl'd
 From their ancient seats;—all this,
 Wherein man takes most his pride,
 Valueless is cast aside,
 If the spirit there we miss,
 That can work from love alone,
 Not from pride in what is known.

Though I lavish'd all I have
 On the poor in charity;
 Though I shrink not from the grave,
 Or unmoved the stake could see;
 Though my body here were given
 To the all-consuming flame;
 If my mind were still the same,
 Meeter were I not for heaven,
 Till by Love my works were crown'd,
 Till in Love my strength were found.

Faith must conquer, hope must bloom,
 As our onward way we wend,
 Else we came not through the gloom,
 But with earth they also end.
 Thou, O Love, dost stretch afar
 Through the wide eternity,
 And the soul array'd in Thee
 Shines for ever as a star.
 Faith and hope must pass away,
 Thou, O Love, endurest aye.

Come, Thou Spirit of pure Love,
Who dost forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove,
Let me all Thy impulse heed;
All that seeks self-profit first,
Rather than another's good,
Whether foe or link'd in blood,
Let me hold such thought accurst;
And my heart henceforward be
Ruled, inspired, O Love, by Thee!

ERNST LANGE. 1711.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

MY Saviour, what Thou didst of old,
When Thou wast dwelling here,
Thou doest yet for them, who bold
In faith to Thee draw near.
As Thou hadst pity on the blind,
According to Thy Word,
Thou sufferedst me Thy grace to find,
Thy Light hast on me pour'd.

Mourning I sat beside the way,
In sightless gloom apart,
And sadness heavy on me lay,
And longing gnaw'd my heart;
I heard the music of the psalms
Thy people sang to Thee,
I felt the waving of their palms,
And yet I could not see.

My pain grew more than I could bear,
Too keen my grief became,
Then I took heart in my despair
To call upon Thy name;

“O Son of David, save and heal,
As Thou so oft hast done !
O dearest Jesus, let me feel
My load of darkness gone.”

And ever weeping as I spoke
With bitter prayers and sighs,
My stony heart grew soft and broke,
More earnest yet my cries.
A sudden answer still'd my fear,
For it was said to me,
“O poor blind man, be of good cheer,
Rejoice, He calleth thee.”

I felt, Lord, that Thou stoodest still,
Groping Thy feet I sought,
From off me fell my old self-will,
A change came o'er my thought.
Thou saidst, “What is it Thou wouldst have?”
“Lord, that I might have sight;
To see Thy countenance I crave:”
“So be it, have thou Light.”

And words of Thine can never fail,
My fears are past and o'er;
My soul is glad with light, the veil
Is on my heart no more.
Thou blestest me, and forth I fare
Free from my old disgrace,
And follow on with joy where'er
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace.

DE LA MOTHE FOUQUER

ASH WEDNESDAY.

Gather the people . . and let the priests, the ministers
of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and
let them say, Spare Thy people, O Lord.—FROM THE
PASSAGE FOR THE EPISTLE.

NOT in anger finite us, Lord,
Spare Thy people, spare!
If Thou mete us due reward
We must all despair.
Let the flood
Of Jesus' blood
Quench the flaming of Thy wrath,
That our sin enkindled hath.

Father! Thou hast patience long
With the sick and weak;
Heal us, make us brave and strong,
Words of comfort speak.
Touch my soul,
And make me whole
With Thy healing precious balm;
Ward off all would work me harm.

Weary am I, Lord, and worn
With my ceaseless pain;
Sad the heart that night and morn
Sighs for help in vain.

Wilt Thou yet
My soul forget,
Waiting anxiously for Thee
In the cave of misery?

Hence, ye foes! God hears my prayer
From His holy place;
Once again with hope I dare
Come before His face.
Satan flee,
Hell touch not me;
God hath given me power o'er all,
Who once mock'd and fought my fall.

ALBINUS. 1652.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And he fasted forty days and forty nights.—FROM THE GOSPEL:

AM I a stranger here, on earth alone,
When shall my weary days be past and
gone?

When shall I find some respite, some relief
From this unsleeping pain, this haunting grief?

The joyful sun another morning brings,
I only wake to feel care's piercing stings;
The soft moon comes with silent night and sleep,
And bringeth nought to me but time to weep.

My heart and conscience sorely wounded lie,
Struck by the arrows of Thy wrath, Most High!
From morn till eventide where'er I flee,
I find no hiding-place, great God, from Thee!

O Lord, be not so strict to mark my crimes!
Great God, dost Thou remember yet those times
Of foolish thoughtlessness, when blind and young
My heart to this world's vain delights still clung?

Wilt Thou then alway bear my sins in mind?
What offering, what atonement can I find!

Nought have I of mine own but sin and wrong,
Mer:cy and love, O Lord, to Thee belong!

On therefore leave me not the wretched prey
Of those who seek to take my life away!
Yet though with streaming eyes to Thee I cry,
No answering voice comes from Thy throne on high

Vain are my tears and prayers, vain all my woe,
While Thou dost fight against me as a foe;
The zeal of Thy just anger and Thy might
Have plunged my soul in blackest depths of night.

fit alone; with tears I bathe my cheeks,
With bitter sighs and groans my spirit seeks
For Him, who veils behind the clouds His face,
And hears not, as of old in happier days.

Oh that I had a dove's swift wings! I'd fly
Away to some far mountain, lone and high;
Yet could I not escape His mighty hand
Before whom all things bare and open stand.

Nay, rather let me suffer all His will,
Though His fierce anger beat upon me still,
A willing heart and patient mind, O God!
I bring to Thy severe but righteous rod.

Much have I sinn'd, I perish utterly
If my misdeeds be all avenged of Thee;
Yet, Lord of Hosts, doth not Thy Word proclaim,
The Merciful is Thy most glorious name!

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

And the disciples said, Send her away, for she crieth after us ; . . . But He said, Great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

I WILL not let Thee go ; Thou Help in
time of need !
Heap ill on ill
I trust Thee still,
E'en when it seems as Thou wouldst slay indeed !
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee,
Hide Thou Thy face, yet Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go !

I will not let Thee go ; should I forsake my bliss ?
No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,
And I am Thine,
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with Thy light,
O Thou my Sun ; should I forsake my bliss ?
I will not let Thee go !

I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord !
Not Death can tear
Me from His care,
Who for my sake His soul in death outpour'd.

Thou diedst for love to me,
I say in love to Thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life,
my Lord,
I will not let Thee go!

DESZLER. 1692.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead,
and Christ shall give thee light.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

A WAKE, O man, and from thee shake
This heavy sleep of sin!
Soon shall the Highest vengeance take,
Soon shall His wrath begin
To smite the wretched sinner home;
In awful terrors He shall come,
To mete to all on earth their due reward,
Only the righteous spares our angry Lord.

Come then, ye sinners, great and small,
Weeping and mourning fore,
Low down before His footstool fall,
And vow to sin no more.
In faith and godliness array
Your souls against that final day,
So shall ye 'scape His wrath, and blessed die,
Heirs of the kingdom with your Lord on high.

O lay to heart this wondrous thought,
Through what sore agony
And death was your redemption bought,
And to your Saviour flee

Ere yet too late; the world disown,
And fix your love on Christ alone,
And do His will; for at the final doom,
Who here dishonour'd Him shall wrath consume.

Turn Thou us, and we shall be turn'd;
Thou broughtest back of old
Thy straying people, when they yearn'd
After their proper fold:
Even so, forgive what we have done,
Accept us in Thy blessed Son,
Thy Holy Spirit ever be our guide,
That we may spread Thy praises far and wide!

CRASSELIVS. 1697.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Grant we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of Thy grace may mercifully be relieved; through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.—
FROM THE COLLECT.

HERE, O my God, I cast me at Thy feet,
Ready to suffer what Thou thinkest meet;
Yet look on me, great God, with pitying
eyes,
Reward me not for mine iniquities!

Too oft, alas! my heart hath loved to stray
Downward along Sin's broad and easy way;
And worldly pride, and carnal lusts most foul
Were shameless cherish'd in my inmost soul.

Thy Majesty have I offended, Lord,
And set at nought Thy law, Thy holy Word;
I had not learnt Thy righteous wrath to dread,
Nor saw the vengeance gathering o'er my head.

O wretched man, what evil have I wrought!
Now in the snares of Sin a captive caught,
I learn, O Sin, how fell and keen thy smart!
O wrath of God, how terrible thou art!

Is there no way, can I no helper find,
Who can these heavy chains of sin unbind?
Can man nor creature show me any place,
Where I may flee and hide me from God's face?

Nay, I must flee to God Himself, from whom
Our life and help, our hope and safety come ;
What all the world must unaccomplish'd leave,
Thou, for Thou art Almighty, canst achieve.

Think on the covenant Thou hast never broken,
Think on the steadfast oath Thyself hast spoken,
Know that I am a God, Thy promise faith,
Who hath no pleasure in a sinner's death.

Then let the arms of love be round me thrown,
Have pity on me, hear my bitter moan,
Call back Thy sheep, that wandering far astray,
Was lost in sin, nor knew its homeward way.

Grant me to rule my inner life aright,
And act and speak as ever in Thy fight,
A friend to all true virtue, but a foe
To all Thou hatest, sins and follies low.

Thou Merciful! what thanks and praise shall be
For Thy great goodness offer'd unto Thee,
As is most meet; while here my days I spend,
And yonder in the world that shall not end!

ANON.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear my voice. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme
to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide
it?—PSALM CXXX. 1, 3.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God! oh hear my prayer
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair:
If Thou remembrest each misdeed,
If each should have its rightful meed,
Lord, who shall stand before Thee?

Lord, through Thy love alone we gain
The pardon of our sin;
The strictest life is but in vain,
Our works can nothing win,
That none should boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on His word,
And in His goodness trust.
Up to His care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for His help I tarry.

And though it tarry till the night,
And round again to morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
His helping mercy hath no bounds,
His love surpasseth all.
Our trusty loving Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

LUTHER. 1524

PALM SUNDAY.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hofanna to the Son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hofanna in the highest.—MATT. xxi. 9.

HOSANNA to the Son of David! Raise
 Triumphal arches to His praise,
 For Him prepare a throne
 Who comes at last to Zion—to His own!
 Strew palms around, make plain and straight the
 way,
 For Him who His triumphal entry holds to-day!

Hofanna! Welcome above all Thou art!
 Make ready each to lay his heart
 Low down before His feet!
 Come, let us hasten forth our Lord to meet,
 And bid Him enter in at Zion's gates,
 Where thousand-voiced welcome on His coming waits.

Hofanna! Prince of Peace and Lord of Might!
 We hail Thee Conqueror in the fight.
 All Thou with toil hast won,
 Shall be our booty when the battle's done.
 Thy right hand ever hath the rule and sway,
 Thy kingdom standeth fast when all things else decay

Hofanna! best-beloved and noble Guest!
Who made us by Thy high behest
Heirs of Thy realm with Thee.
O let us therefore never weary be
To stand and serve before Thy righteous throne,
We know no king but Thee, rule Thou o'er us alone

Hofanna! Come, the time draws on apace,
We long Thy mercy to embrace;
This servant's form can ne'er
Conceal the majesty Thy acts declare:
Too well art Thou here in Thy Zion known,
Who art the Son of God, and yet art David's Son.

Hofanna! Lord; be Thou our help and friend,
Thy aid to us in mercy send,
That each may bring his soul
An offering unto Thee, unstain'd and whole.
Thou wilt have none for Thy disciples, Lord,
But who obey in truth, not only hear Thy word.

Hofanna! Let us in Thy footsteps tread,
Nor that sad Mount of Olives dread
Where we must weep and watch,
Until the far-off song of joy we catch
From Heaven our Bethphage, where we shall sing
Hofanna in the highest to our God and King!

Hofanna! Let us sound it far and wide!
Enter Thou in and here abide,
Thou Blessed of the Lord!

Why standest Thou without, why roam't
abroad?

Hofanna! Make Thy home with us for ever!
Thou comest, Lord! and nought us from Thy love
shall sever.

Hallelujah.

SCHMOLCK. 1704

MONDAY IN PASSION WEEK.

And when He was come near, He beheld the city,
and wept over it.—LUKE xix. 41.

THOU weepest o'er Jerusalem,
Lord Jesus, bitter tears ;
But deepest comfort lies in them
For us, whose sins have fill'd our souls
with fears:

Since that they tell,
When sinners turn to Thee Thou lov'st it well,
And surely wilt efface, of Thy unbounded grace,
All the misdeeds that on our conscience dwell.

When God's just wrath and anger burn
Against me for my sin,
To these sad tears of Thine I turn,
And watching them fresh hope and courage win.
For God doth prize
These drops so greatly, that before His eyes
Who sprinkles o'er his soul with them is clean and
whole,
And from his sorrows' depth new joy shall rise.

Earth is the home of tears and woe,
Where we must often weep,
Fighting the world our mighty foe,
Whose enmity to Thee doth never sleep.

My heart is torn
Afresh each day by her fierce rage and scorn,
But in my saddest hours, I think upon those showers
That tell how Thou hast all our sorrows borne.

Thou countest up my tears and sighs;
E'en were they numberless.
Not one is hidden from Thine eyes,
Thou ne'er forgettest me in my distress,
But when they rain
Before Thee, Thou dost quickly turn again,
Hast pity on my woe, and makest me to know
What sweetest joy lies hid in forest pain.

We sow in tears; but let us keep
Our faith in God, and trust Him still,
Yonder our harvest we shall reap,
Where gladness every heart and mouth shall fill
Such joy is there
No mortal tongue its glory can declare,
A joy that shall endure, changeless and deep and pure
That shall be ours, if here the cross we bear.

O Christ, I thank Thee for Thy tears;
Those tears have won for me
That I shall wear, through endless years,
A crown of joy before my God and Thee
All weeping o'er,
Up to Thy chosen saints I once shall soar,
And there Thy pity praise, in more befitting lays,
Thou Glory of Thy Church, for evermore.

HEERMANN. 1630

TUESDAY IN PASSION WEEK.

By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.—HEB. x. 10.

LORD! Thy death and passion give
Strength and comfort at my need,
Every hour while here I live
On Thy love my soul shall feed.
Doth some evil thought upstart?
Lo, Thy cross defends my heart,
Shows the peril, and I shrink
Back from loitering on the brink.

Doth my carnal nature yearn
After wanton joys? again
Quickly to Thy cross I turn,
And her voice is heard in vain.
Cometh strong temptation's hour,
When my foe puts forth his power?
Shelter'd by this holy shield,
Soon I drive him from the field.

Would the world my steps entice
To yon wide and level road,
Fill'd with mirth and pleasant vice?
Lord, I think upon the load

Thou didst once for me endure,
And I fly all thoughts impure;
Thinking on Thy bitter pains,
Hush'd in prayer my heart remains.

Yes, Thy cross hath power to heal
All the wounds of sin and strife,
Loft in Thee my heart doth feel
Sudden warmth and nobler life.
In my saddest, darkest grief,
Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
Thou who camest but to save,
Thou who fearest not the grave!

Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
Thou art my defence and tower;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul he hath no power.
That I may have part in Thee
Help and save and comfort me,
Give me of Thy grace and might,
Resurrection, life and light.

Fount of Good, within me dwell,
For the peace Thy presence sheds,
Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
Charms the pain from dying beds.
Hide me safe within Thine arm,
Where no foe can hurt or harm;
Whoso, Lord, in Thee doth rest,
He hath conquer'd, he is blest.

WEDNESDAY IN PASSION WEEK.

Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared,
to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.—FROM
THE EPISTLE.

WHEN sorrow and remorse
Prey at my heart, to Thee
I look, who on the holy cross
Wast slain for me.
Ah Lord, Thy precious blood was spilt
For me, O most unworthy,
To take away my guilt.

Oh wonder past belief!
Behold the Master spares
His servants, and fore pain and grief
For them He bears.
God stoopeth from His throne on high,
For me His guilty creature,
He deigns as man to die.

Though countless were the sins,
That weigh'd me to the dust,
Christ's death for me the favour wins
Of God most just.
His precious blood my debts hath paid,
Of hell and all its torments
I am no more afraid.

My heart is fill'd with ruth,
 Thinking on all 'Thou'lt borne,
 How mighty love and tender truth
 Were crown'd with thorn.
 In songs of thanks I'll spend my breath
 For Thy sad cry, Thy sufferings,
 Thy wrongs, Thy guiltless death.

Thy Passion, Lord, inspires
 My spirit day by day,
 With strength from all low dark desires
 To flee away.
 This thought I fain would cherish most,
 What pain my soul's redemption
 To Thee, O Saviour, cost.

Whate'er the burden be,
 The cross upon me laid,
 Or want or shame, I look to Thee,
 Be Thou my aid.
 Give patience, give me strength to take
 Thee for my bright example,
 And all the world forsake.

Let me to others do,
 As Thou hast done to me,
 Love them with love unfeign'd and true,
 Their servant be
 Of willing heart, nor seek my own,
 But as Thou, Lord, hast helped us,
 From purest love alone.

And let Thy sorrows cheer
My soul when I depart ;
Give strength to cast away all fear,
And tell my heart
That since my trust is in Thy grace,
Thou wilt accept me yonder,
Where I shall see Thy face.

GESENIUS. 1646.

THURSDAY IN PASSION WEEK.

Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them. But they cried, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done ?—FROM THE GOSPEL.

A LAS, dear Lord, what evil hast Thou done,
That such sharp sentence from Thy Judge
hath won ?

What are His crimes, and what the guilt,
oh tell,
Wherein He fell ?

They scourge Him, crown Him with a crown of
thorn,

They smite His face, with bitter mock and scorn,
They give Him gall to drink, they pierce His side,
The Crucified !

Whence come these sorrows, whence this cruel woe ?
It was my sins that struck the fatal blow ;
Mine were the wrath and anguish, dearest Lord,
On Thee outpour'd.

What strangest punishment ! The Shepherd good
For erring sheep here pours His own heart's blood,
The servants' debts are on the Master laid,
Who all hath paid.

From head to foot was there no spot in me
Unscarr'd by sin, from taint of evil free;
My sins had weigh'd me down that I should dwell,
For aye in Hell.

Oh wondrous love, love that no measure knows,
That brought Thee, Christ, to drink this cup of woes!
Full of the world's vain joys and hopes was I,
While Thou must die!

O mighty King! mighty beyond all time!
Fain would I sound Thy praise through every clime!
A gift were meet for Thee, my anxious thought
Long time hath sought.

But human wisdom searches, Lord, in vain
To find aught like Thy pity, or Thy pain.
How shall my works, though toiling day and night,
Thy love requite?

Yet have I somewhat that my Lord can please;
I can renounce sweet sins and selfish ease,
And quench the unhallow'd fires that back would
lure
To thoughts impure.

But since my strength, alas, will ne'er prevail
My strong desires upon the cross to nail,
Oh let Thy Spirit rule my heart, who leads
To all good deeds.

Then shall Thy mercy fill my every thought;
I love Thee so, the world to me is nought.
My sole endeavour, Lord, is to fulfil
Thy holy will.

My all I risk to magnify Thy name,
No cross shall daunt me, no reproach or shame;
Man's fiercest threats I will not lay to heart,
Nor Death's worst smart.

In truth my sacrifice is nothing worth,
Yet Thou in mercy wilt not cast it forth;
Thou'lt put me not to shame, but for love's sake
My offering take.

Lord Jesus, once on high amongst 'Thine own,
Shall I stand crown'd with light before Thy throne;
Where sweetest hymns are ever ringing round
My voice shall sound.

HEERMANN. 1630.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING.

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was
bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace
was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed.—
FROM THE LESSON.

A H wounded Head! Must Thou
Endure such shame and scorn!
The blood is trickling from Thy brow
Pierced by the crown of thorn.
Thou who wast crown'd on high
With light and majesty,
In deep dishonour here must die,
Yet here I welcome Thee!

Thou noble countenance!
All earthly lights are pale
Before the brightness of that glance,
At which a world shall quail.
How is it quench'd and gone!
Those gracious eyes how dim!
Whence grew that cheek so pale and wan?
Who dared to scoff at Him?

All lovely hues of life,
That glow'd on lip and cheek,
Have vanished in that awful strife;
The Mighty One is weak.

Pale Death has won the day,
He triumphs in this hour
When Strength and Beauty fade away,
And yield them to his power.

Ah Lord, Thy woes belong,
Thy cruel pains, to me,
The burden of my sin and wrong
Hath all been laid on Thee.
Look on me where I kneel,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
One glance of love oh let me feel!
Redeemer, spurn me not!

My Guardian, own me Thine;
Thy lamb, O Shepherd, lead!
What richest blessings, Source Divine,
Daily from Thee proceed!
How oft Thy mouth has fed
My soul with angels' food,
How oft Thy Spirit o'er me shed
His stores of heavenly good!

Ah would that I could share
Thy cross, Thy bitter woes!
All true delight lies hidden there,
Thence all true comfort flows.
Ah well were it for me
Could I here end my strife,
And die upon the cross with Thee
Who art my Life of life!

O Jesus, dearest Friend,
My soul is all o'erfraught
With thanks, when pondering to what end
Thou hast the battle fought.
Oh let me faithful keep,
As Thou art true to me,
So shall my last cold deathly sleep
Be but a rest in Thee.

Yes, when I hence must go,
Go not Thou, Christ, from me;
When Death has struck the mortal blow,
Bear Thou mine agony.
When heart and spirit sink,
O'erwhelm'd with dark dismay,
Come Thou who ne'er from pain didst shrink,
And chase my fears away.

Come to me ere I die,
My comfort and my shield;
And gazing on Thy cross can I
Calmly my spirit yield.
When life is well-nigh past,
My darkening eyes shall dwell
On Thee, my heart shall hold Thee fast;
Who dieth thus, dies well.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

GOOD FRIDAY.

EVENING.

But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—ROM. v. 8.

THOU Holiest Love, whom most I love,
Who art my long'd-for only bliss,
Whom tenderest pity erst did move
To fathom woe and death's abyfs;
Thou who didst suffer for my good,
And die my guilty debts to pay,
Thou Lamb of God, whose precious blood
Can take a world's misdeeds away;

Thou who didst bear the agony
That made e'en Thy strong spirit quail,
Yet ever yearnest still for me
With longing love that ne'er shall fail;
'Twas Thou wast willing, Thou alone,
To bear the righteous wrath of God;
Thy death hath still'd it, else had none
Found shelter from its awful load.

O Love, who with unflinching heart
Didst bear all worst disgrace and shame;
O Love, who mid the keenest smart
Of dying pangs wert still the same;

Who didst Thy changeless virtue prove
E'en with Thy latest parting breath,
And spakest words of gentlest love
When soul and body sank in death;

O Love, through sorrows manifold
Hast Thou betroth'd me as a bride,
By ceaseless gifts, by love untold,
Hast bound me ever to Thy side.
Oh let the weary ache, the smart,
Of life's long tale of pain and loss,
Be gently still'd within my heart
At thought of Thee, and of Thy cross!

O Love, who gav'st Thy life for me,
And won an everlasting good
Through Thy fore anguish on the tree,
I ever think upon Thy blood;
I ever thank Thy sacred wounds,
Thou wounded Love, Thou Holiest,
But most when life is near its bounds,
And in Thy bosom safe I rest.

O Love, who unto death hast grieved
For this cold heart, unworthy Thine,
Whom the cold grave and death received,
I thank Thee for that grief divine.
I give Thee thanks that Thou didst die
To win eternal life for me,
To bring salvation from on high;
Oh draw me up through love to Thee!

ANGELUS. 1657.

EASTER EVEN.

And Joseph wrapped the body in a clean linen cloth,
and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn
out in the rock.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

REST of the weary! Thou
Thyself art resting now,
Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou
liest:
From out her deathly sleep
My soul doth start, to weep
So sad a wonder, that Thou Saviour diest!

Thy bitter anguish o'er,
To this dark tomb they bore
Thee, Life of life—Thee, Lord of all creation!
The hollow rocky cave
Must serve Thee for a grave,
Who wast Thyself the Rock of our Salvation!

O Prince of Life! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken;
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death, O Grave, where is your victory?

The grave can nought destroy,
Only the flesh can die,
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay:
Cloth'd by Thy wondrous might
In robes of dazzling light,
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last Day.

My Jesus, day by day,
Help me to watch and pray,
Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt laid.
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into Death's awful shade.

S. FRANCK. 1711.

EASTER DAY.

MORNING.

Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more :
death hath no more dominion over him.—FROM THE
ANTHEM.

IN the bonds of Death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain,
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice
Hallelujah !

Of the fons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death,
Sin this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth,
Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
Would all men in his prison hold,
Hallelujah !

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite,
All our sins away hath done,
Done away Death's power and right,
Only the form of Death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft;
Hallelujah.

That was a wondrous war I trow,
 When Life and Death together fought,
 But Life hath triumph'd o'er his foe,
 Death is mock'd and set at nought;
 'Tis even as the Scripture saith,
 Christ through death has conquer'd Death.
 Hallelujah.

The rightful Paschal Lamb is He,
 On whom alone we all must live,
 Who to death upon the tree,
 Himself in wondrous love did give.
 Faith strikes his blood upon the door,
 Death fees, and dares not harm us more.
 Hallelujah.

Let us keep high festival,
 On this most blessed day of days,
 When God His mercy show'd to all!
 Our Sun is risen with brightest rays,
 And our dark hearts rejoice to see
 Sin and night before him flee.
 Hallelujah.

To the supper of the Lord,
 Gladly will we come to-day,
 The word of peace is now restored,
 The old leaven is put away.
 Christ will be our food alone,
 Faith no life but His doth own.
 Hallelujah.

EASTER DAY.

EVENING.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

O GLORIOUS Head, Thou livest now!
 Let us Thy members share Thy life;
 Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow
 To raise Thy children from the strife
 With self and sin, with death and dark distress,
 That they may live to Thee in holiness?

Earth knows Thee not, but evermore
 Thou livest in Paradise, in peace;
 Thither my soul would also soar,
 Let me from all the creatures cease:
 Dead to the world, but to Thy Spirit known,
 I live to Thee, O Prince of life, alone.

Break through my bonds whate'er it cost,
 What is not Thine within me slay,
 Give me the lot I covet most,
 To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.
 Nought can I do, a slave to death I pine,
 Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine!

Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide

My thoughts and wishes, that my heart

Waver no more nor turn aside,

But fix for ever where Thou art.

Thou art not far from us; who love Thee well,

While yet on earth in heaven with Thee may dwell.

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

And they told what things were done in the way,
and how He was known to them in breaking of bread.
And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the
midst of them, and faith unto them, Peace be unto you.

— FROM THE GOSPEL.

WELCOME Thou victor in the strife,
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in Thy life
Around Thine empty grave.

Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with Thee.

O share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou diedst to achieve;
We meet within Thy house to-day
Our portion to receive:

And let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenwards up to Thee.

We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

We die with Thee ; oh let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright ;
The blessings Thou hast died to give,
Be daily in our fight.

Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

Death hurts us not ; his power is gone,
And pointless all his darts ;
God's favour now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth all our hearts.

SCHMOLCK. 1712

TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

I know that my Redeemer liveth . . and though after my skin worms' destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.—JOB xix. 25, 26.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.—FROM THE LESSON.

JESUS my Redeemer lives,
Christ my trust is dead no more;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And His life I once shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

Close to Him my soul is bound
In the bonds of Hope enclasp'd;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasp'd.

Death shall ne'er my soul remove
From her refuge in Thy love.

I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again;
Natural here the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

Body, be thou of good cheer,
In thy Saviour's care rejoice,
Give not place to gloom and fear,
Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice,
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf cold grave is stirr'd.

Laugh to scorn then death and hell,
Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave;
Caught into the air to dwell
With the Lord who comes to save,
We shall trample on our foes,
Mortal weakness, fear and woes.

Only see ye that your heart,
 Rise betimes from earthly lust,
 Would ye there with Him have part,
 Here obey your Lord and trust.
 Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
 Whither ye yourselves would rise.

LOUISA HENRIETTA,

Electress of Brandenburg. 1653.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in
His Son.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

WHAT had I been if Thou wert not?
What were I now if Thou wert gone?
Anguish and fear were then my lot,
In this wide world I stood alone;
Whate'er I loved were safe no more,
The future were a dark abyss,
To whom could I my sorrows pour,
If Thee my laden heart should miss?

But when Thou mak'st Thy presence felt,
And when the soul hath grasp'd Thee right
How fast the dreary shadows melt
Beneath Thy warm and living light:
In Thee I find a nobler birth,
A glory o'er the world I see,
And Paradise returns to earth,
And blooms again for us in Thee.

Thou strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis Thou the living spark dost fan
That sets my heart on fire within.

Thou openest heaven once more to men,
 The soul's true home, Thy kingdom, Lord,
 And I can trust and hope again,
 And feel myself akin to God.

Brethren, go forth beside all ways,
 The wanderer greet with outstretch'd hand,
 And call him back who darkly strays,
 And bid him join our gladsome band.
 That Heaven hath stoop'd to earth below,
 Proclaim the glad news everywhere,
 That all may learn our faith and know
 They too may find an entrance there.

NOVALIS. About 1795.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Jefus faid, I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for His fheep.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

L O V I N G Shepherd, kind and true,
Wilt Thou not in pity come
To Thy lamb? As fhepherds do,
Bear me in Thy bofom home:
Take me hence from earth's annoy
To Thy home of endlefs joy.

See how I have gone aftray
In this earthly wildernefs;
Come and take me hence away
To Thy flock who dwell in blifs,
And Thy glory, Lord, behold,
Safe within Thy heavenly fold.

For I fain would gaze on Thee,
With the lambs to whom 'tis given
That they feed from danger free,
In the happy fields of heaven;
Praising Thee, all terrors o'er,
Never can they wander more.

Here I live in fore diftrefs,
Careful, timid, every hour;

For my foes around me press,
Hem me in with craft and power:
Not one moment safe can be,
Lord, Thy lamb away from Thee.

O Lord Jesus, let me not
'Mid the ravening wolves e'er fall,
Help me as a shepherd ought,
That I may escape them all;
Bear me homeward in Thy breast,
To Thy fold of endless rest.

ANGELUS. 1657.

THIRD SUNDAY 'AFTER EASTER.

And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He, whom this world dares not face,
Hath refresh'd me with His grace,
And His mighty hand unbound
Chains of hell about me wound;
Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
Since His mercy, like a flood,
Pour'd o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimm'd my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies;
Yet at last am I set free,
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
Ne'er with shame was turn'd away,
He who gave himself to God,
And on Him had cast his load.
 Who in God his hope hath placed
 Shall not life in pain outwaste,
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still;
For perchance to-morrow's fun
Sees thy happier days begun.
 As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringing joy at last in showers,
 And whate'er we ask'd is ours.

When my heart was vex'd with care,
Fill'd with fears well nigh despair;
When with watching many a night,
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
 When my courage fail'd me fast,
 Camest Thou, my God, at last,
 And my woes were quickly past.

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling,
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for His sake,
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave.
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts His friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you.—
FROM THE GOSPEL.

O HOLY Ghost! Thou fire Divine!
From highest heaven on us down shine;
Comforter, be Thy comfort mine!

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come with Thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where Thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noon-day heat,
Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! Thy sunshine dart
On all who cry to Thee apart,
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought,
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,
God counts it vain and merely nought.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,
O'er parched souls Thy waters pour;
Heal the sad heart that acheth fore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;
Oh melt the frozen with Thy rays;
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
And hold the faith in unity,
Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss!

KING ROBERT OF FRANCE,

about A. D. 1000.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST, Thou the champion of the band
 who own
 Thy cross, oh make Thy succour quickly
 known;
 The schemes of those who long our blood have sought
 Bring Thou to nought.

Do Thou Thyself for us Thy children fight,
 Withstand the devil, quell his rage and might,
 Whate'er affails Thy members left below
 Do Thou o'erthrow.

And give us peace; peace in the church and school,
 Peace to the powers who o'er our country rule,
 Peace to the conscience, peace within the heart,
 Do Thou impart.

So shall Thy goodness here be still adored,
 Thou guardian of Thy little flock, dear Lord,
 And heaven and earth through all eternity
 Shall worship Thee.

LOWENSTERN.

During the Thirty Years' War.

ASCENSION DAY.

This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

LORD, on earth I dwell in pain;
Here in anguish I must lie;
Wherefore leav'st Thou me again,
Why ascendest Thou on high?
Take me, take me hence with Thee,
Or abide, Lord, still in me;
Let Thy love and gifts be left,
That I be not all bereft.

Leave Thy heart with me behind,
Take mine hence with Thee away;
Let my sighs an entrance find
To Thy heaven whene'er I pray.
When I cannot pray, oh plead
With Thy Father in my stead;
Thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Help us here Thy faithful band.

Help me earthly toys to spurn,
Raise my thoughts from things below;
Mortal am I here, yet yearn
Heavenly like my Lord to grow,

That my time through faith may be
Order'd for eternity;
Till we rise, all perils o'er,
Whither Thou hast gone before.

In due season come again,
As was promised us of old;
Raise the members that have lain
Gnaw'd of death beneath the mould.
Judge the evil world that deems
Thy sure words but empty dreams;
Then for all our sorrows past,
Let us know Thy joy at last.

NEUMANN. 1700.

SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

These all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. . . For they desired a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.—HEB. xi. 13, 16.

HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
Towards the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is nought of earthly things
Worthy to be all thine aim;
Every soul whom God inspires,
Back to Him its Source aspires.

Heavenward! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His Word,
Showing thus the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord:
When His Word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

Heavenward ever would I haste,
 When Thy Table, Lord, is spread;
 Heavenly strength on earth I taste,
 Feeding on the Living Bread.
 Such is e'en on earth our fare
 Who Thy marriage feast shall share.

Heavenwards! Faith discerns the prize
 That is waiting us afar,
 And my heart would swiftly rise,
 High o'er sun and moon and star,
 To that Light behind the veil
 Where all earthly splendours pale.

Heavenward Death shall lead at last,
 To the home where I would be,
 All my sorrows overpast,
 I shall triumph there with Thee,
 Jesus, who hast gone before,
 That we too might Heavenwards soar.

Heavenwards! Heavenwards! Only this
 Is my watchword on the earth;
 For the love of heavenly bliss
 Counting all things little worth.
 Heavenward all my being tends,
 Till in Heaven my journey ends.

SCHMOLCK. 1731.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth — FROM THE GOSPEL.

COME, deck our feast to-day
With flowers and wreaths of May,
And bring an offering pure and sweet;
The Spirit of all grace
Makes earth His dwelling-place,
Prepare your hearts your Lord to meet;
Receive Him, and He shall outpour
Such light, all hearts with joy run o'er,
And sound of tears is heard no more.

Thou harbinger of peace,
Who maketh sorrows cease,
Wisdom in word and deed is Thine;
Strong hand of God, Thy seal
The loved of Jesus feel;
Pure Light, o'er all our pathway shine!
Give vigorous life and healthy powers,
Oh let Thy sevenfold gifts be ours,
Refresh us with Thy gracious showers!

Oh touch our tongues with flame,
When speaking Jesu's name!

And lead us up the heavenward road.
 Give us the power to pray,
 Teach us what words to say,
 Whene'er we come before our God.
 O Highest Good, our spirits cheer,
 When raging foes are strong and near,
 Give us brave hearts undimm'd by fear.

O golden rain from heaven!
 Thy precious dews be given
 Unto the churches' barren field!
 And let Thy waters flow,
 Where'er the sowers sow
 The seed of truth, that it may yield
 A hundred-fold its living fruit,
 O'er all the land may take deep root,
 And mighty branches heavenward shoot.

Thou fiery glow of Love!
 Let us Thy ardours prove,
 Consume our hearts with quenchless fire!
 Come, O Thou trackless Wind!
 Breathe gently o'er our mind!
 Let not the flesh to rule aspire;
 Help us our free-born right to take,
 The heavy yoke of sin to break,
 And all her tempting paths forsake.

Be it Thine to stir our will;
 Our good intents fulfil;
 Be with us when we go and come;
 Deep in our spirits dwell,
 And make their inmost cell

Thy temple pure, Thy holy home!
Teach us to know our Lord, that we
May call His Father ours through Thee,
Thou pledge of glories yet to be!

O make our crosses sweet,
And let Thy sunshine greet
Our straining eyes in clouded hours!
Wing Thou our upward flight
Toward yonder mountain bright,
Girded about with Zion's golden towers!
Forfake us not when our last foe
Puts forth his strength to lay us low,
Then, then our victory bestow!

Let us, while here we dwell,
This one thought ponder well,
That in God's likeness we are made.
As o'er a fruitful land
Rich harvests waving stand,
We, serving Him, bear fruits that never fade,
Till Thou in whom all comfort lies,
Lift us to fields above the skies,
And bid us bloom in Paradise!

SCHMOLCK. 1715.

MONDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets,
and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!—
FROM THE LESSON.

COME to Thy temple here on earth,
Be Thou my spirit's guest,
Who givest us of mortal birth
A second birth more blest;
Spirit beloved, Thou mighty Lord,
Who with the Father and the Son
Reignest upon an equal throne,
Art equally adored!

Oh enter, let me feel and know
Thy mighty power within,
That can alone our help bestow,
And rescue us from sin.
Oh cleanse my soul and make it white,
That I with heart unstain'd and true,
May daily render service due,
And honour Thee aright.

I was a wild unfruitful vine
Which Thou must prune and train;
Death pierced through all this life of mine,
But Thou my foe hath slain.

Thy holy baptism is his grave,
He perishes beneath the flood
Of His most precious death and blood,
Who died our life to save.

Thou art the Spirit who dost teach
To pray aright, for all
Our prayers are heard if Thou beseech,
Thy songs have sweetest fall.
They soar on tireless wings to heaven,
They fail not from before God's throne,
Till all His goodness we have known
By whom all help is given.

Thou art the Spirit of all joy,
Sadness Thou lovest not;
Thy comfort beaming from on high,
Lights up the darkest lot,
Ah yes, how many a time of old
Thy voice hath wrapt my soul away,
To yon bright halls of endless day,
And opened the gates of gold!

Thou art the Spirit of all love,
Thou lovest kindly life,
Wouldst not that wrath our hearts should move,
Nor envy, anger, strife.
Thou hatest hatred's withering reign,
In hearts that discord maketh dark
Dost Thou rekindle love's bright spark,
And make them one again.

On Thee is all this world upstaid,
 And in Thy hands doth rest;
 Thou canst the wayward heart persuade
 To turn as seems Thee best:
 Oh therefore give Thy love and peace,
 That they may join in strongest bands
 Long parted foes, and through our lands
 These sad divisions cease.

Arise, and stem this tide of woe,
 Of heartache, and of pain;
 Call back Thy flock, and make them know
 Bright days of joy again;
 To peace and wealth the lands restore,
 Wasted with fire or plague or sword;
 Come to Thy ruin'd churches, Lord,
 And bid them bloom once more!

The rulers of our land defend,
 Our Sovereign's throne uphold;
 That he and we may prosper, send
 True wisdom to the old;
 With piety the young men bless,
 And through the nation shed abroad
 True virtue and the fear of God,
 A nation's happiness.

Fill every heart with holy zeal
 To keep the faith unstain'd;
 Let house and land Thy blessing feel,
 Whence all true wealth is gain'd.

Him who resists Thy inward powers,
The Evil Spirit make Thou flee;
Whate'er delights Thy heart, would he
Fain root from out of ours.

Give strong and cheerful hearts to stand
Undaunted in the wars,
That Satan's works and mighty band
Are waging with Thy cause.
Help us to fight as warriors brave,
That we may conquer in the field,
And not one Christian man may yield
His soul to sin a slave.

Order according to Thy mind
Our life from day to day,
And when this life must be resign'd,
And Death has seized his prey,
When all our days have fled by,
Help us to die with fearless spirit,
And let us after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

PAUL GERHARDT.

During the Thirty Years' War

TUESDAY IN WHITSUN-WEEK.

Hereby know ye the Spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God.—FROM THE LESSON.

COME, Holy Spirit, God and Lord,
Be all Thy graces now outpour'd
On the believer's mind and soul,
And touch their hearts with living coal.

Thy Light this day shone forth so clear,
All tongues and nations gather'd near,
To learn that faith, for which we bring
Glad praise to Thee, and loudly sing,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart :
The Word of life and truth impart,
That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou Sacred Ardour, Comfort Sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet

And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
Lord, make us ready with Thy powers,
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

LUTHER. 1524.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

And God said, Let us make man in our image —
FROM THE LESSON.

MOST High and Holy Trinity!
Who of Thy mercy mild
Hast form'd me here in Time, to be
Thy image and Thy child:

Oh let me love Thee day and night
With all my soul, with all my might;
Oh come, Thyself my soul prepare,
And make Thy dwelling ever there!

Father! replenish with Thy grace
This longing heart of mine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
Thy sacred inmost shrine!

Forgive that oft my spirit wears
Her time and strength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeless peace,
So she from all but Thee may cease!

O God the Son! Thy wisdom's light
On my dark reason pour;
Forgive that things of sense and sight
Were all her joy of yore;

Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fix'd, from Thee proceed,
Draw me to Thee, for I would rise
Above these earthly vanities!

O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy strength, Lord, from above,
Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I so oft have done
What I as sinful ought to shun;
Let me with pure and quenchless fire
Thy favour and Thyself desire!

Most High and Holy Trinity!
Draw me away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
All powers of soul and sense!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity!

ANGELUS. 1657.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

God is Love . . and herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

ON wings of faith, ye thoughts, fly hence,
 Roam o'er Eternity's vast field,
 Surpass the bounds of time and sense,
 And rise to Him who hath reveal'd
 That He is Love: there pause, and awestruck view
 That ancient love with every morning new!

Ere earth's foundations yet were laid,
 Or heaven's fair roof were spread abroad,
 Ere man a living soul was made,
 Love stirr'd within the heart of God;
 Love fill'd the long futurity with good,
 And grace to help at need beside her stood.

Thy loving counsel gave to me
 True life in Christ Thy only Son,
 Whom Thou hast made our way to Thee,
 From whom all grace flows ever down.
 Whose precious blood can make us pure and whole,
 And bless and hallow all our inmost soul.

O Love, that long ere time began,
 That precious name of child bestow'd;
 That open'd Heaven on earth to man,
 And call'd us sinners sons of God;
 Thy gracious promptings move the Father's hand,
 And on the page of life our names shall stand!

Ah happy hours, whene'er upsprings
My soul to yon Eternal Source,
Whence the glad river downward sings,
Watering with goodness all my course,
So that each passing day anew I prove
How tender and how true my Father's love!

For what am I? At His command
The million creatures of His power
Start into life on sea and land;
Oh why should God such blessings shower
On me, who am a leaf that fadeth fast,
A little shifting dust before the blast!

I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou
Shouldst such compassion on me show;
That He who made the world should bow
To cheer with love a wretch so low.
O Father, I would utterly resign
Myself to Thee; take me, and make me Thine.

When strength and heart grow faint and sad,
From battling long with heavy pain,
Thy smile shines forth to make me glad,
Thou crownest me with joy again;
Then I behold Thy Spirit's wondrous power,
Whose work is mightiest in our weakest hour.

Forth from Thy rich and bounteous store
Life's common blessings daily flow,
More than we dare to ask, far more
Than we deserve, dost Thou bestow.
My heart dissolves in tears of thankfulness,
To see how true Thy care, how quick to bless.

Nor here alone: hope pierces far
 Through all the shades of earth and time;
 Faith mounts beyond the farthest star,
 Yon shining heights she fain would climb,
 And gazing on eternity behold
 The promised land, our heritage of old.

Can I with loveless heart receive
 Tokens of love that never cease?
 Can I be thankful still, and grieve
 Him who is all my joy and peace?
 Ah Friend of Man, were I to turn from Thee,
 Myself were sure my own worst enemy.

Could I but honour Thee aright,
 Noble and sweet my song should be;
 That earth and heaven should learn Thy might,
 And what my God hath done for me.
 There is no music sweet as is Thy name,
 No joy so deep as pondering o'er Thy fame.

O heart redeem'd! thou think'st it long
 Till the appointed hour be come,
 When thou shalt join the angels' song
 To that Fair Love that brought thee home.
 Have patience, heart; time hurries fast away,
 Soon shalt thou reach the one Eternal Day.

J. G. HERMANN. 1747.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And this is His commandment ; That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

HEART and heart together bound,
 Seek in God your true repose,
 In your love the price be found
 Of your Saviour's love and woes ;
 We the members, He the Head,
 He the sun, we beams He showers,
 Brethren by one Master led,
 We are His, and He is ours.

Children of His realm draw near,
 Make your covenant stronger still,
 From your hearts allegiance swear
 Unto Him who conquer'd ill.
 If your bonds are yet too weak,
 If but fragile yet they prove,
 Help from His good Spirit seek
 Who can steel the chains of love.

Only such love will suffice,
 As the love that dwells in Him,
 Love that from the cross ne'er flies,
 Love that spares not life or limb

'Twas for sinners He was slain,
'Twas for foes He shed His blood,
That His death for all might gain
Endless life—the Higheft Good.

Thus, O trueft Friend, unite
All Thy confecrated band,
That their hearts be fet aright
To fulfil Thy laft command.
Each muft onward urge his friend,
Helping him in word and deed,
Love's bleft pathway to afcend,
Following where Thou, Lord, doft lead.

Thou who doft command that all
Practife love that bear Thy name,
Wake the dead, new followers call,
Touch the slothful with Thy flame.
Let us live, O Lord, at one,
As Thou with the Father art,
That through all the world be none
Of Thy members left apart.

Then were given what Thou haft fought,
In the Son were all men freed,
And the world at laft were taught
That Thy rule is bleft indeed.
Father of all fouls, we praife
Thee who shineft in the Son;
Lord, to Thee our hymns we raife,
Who haft all men to Thee drawn!

After ZINZENDORF

About 1731.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.
—FROM THE EPISTLE.

WHAT within me and without,
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days:
In it I behold Thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace,
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

God! Thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in Thine arms,
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor Death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to Thee myself I yield,
And my forrows are Thine own.

When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong,
Can my trust in Thee abate.

And this faith I long have nurs't,
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

Christians! cast on Him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly;
Know He is the Living God,
Ever to His creatures nigh.
Seek His ever-open door
In your hours of utmost need;
All your hearts before Him pour,
He will send you help with speed.

But hast thou some darling plan,
Cleaving to the things of earth?
Leanest thou for aid on man?
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
Rather trust the One alone
Whose is endless power and love,
And the help He gives His own,
Thou in very deed shalt prove.

On Thee, O my God, I rest,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the last is best,
When the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear,
In Thy love find bitters sweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

O my soul, why art thou vex'd?
Let things go e'en as they will;
Though to thee they seem perplex'd,
Yet His order they fulfil.
Here He is thy strength and guard,
Power to harm thee here has none;
Yonder will He each reward
For the works he here has done.

Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to Thee,
In the peace Thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.
Be my All; in all I do
Let me only seek Thy will,
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm and still.

A. H. FRANCKE. 1663-1727.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

WOULD'ST thou inherit life with Christ
on high?

Then count the cost, and know

That here on earth below

Thou needs must suffer with thy Lord and die.

We reach that gain to which all else is lost,

But through the cross.

Oh think what sorrows Christ Himself has known!

The scorn, and anguish fore,

The bitter death He bore,

Ere he ascended to His heavenly throne;

And deemest thou, thou canst with right complain,

Whate'er thy pain?

Not e'en the sharpest sorrows we can feel,

Nor keenest pangs, we dare

With that great bliss compare

When God His glory shall in us reveal,

That shall endure when our brief woes are o'er

For evermore!

SIMON DACH. 1640.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled; but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

IF God be on my side,
 Then let who will oppose,
 For oft ere now to Him I cried
 And He hath quell'd my foes.
 If Jesus be my Friend,
 If God doth love me well,
 What matters all my foes intend,
 Though strong they be and fell.

Here I can firmly rest,
 I dare to boast of this,
 That God the Highest and the Best,
 My Friend and Father is.
 From dangerous snares He saves,
 Where'er He bids me go
 He checks the storms and calms the waves,
 Nor lets aught work me woe.

I rest upon the ground
 Of Jesus and His blood,
 For 'tis through Him that I have found
 The True Eternal Good.

Nought have I of mine own,
Nought in the life I lead,
What Christ hath given me, that alone
Is worth all love indeed.

His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
All care and sadness He dispels,
And sooths away all pains.
He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou God my Father art!

When weakness on me lies
And tempts me to despair,
He speaketh words and utters sighs
Of more than mortal prayer;
But what no tongue can tell,
Thou God canst hear and see,
Who readeest in the heart full well
If aught there pleaseth Thee.

He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How he who seeks in God his rest
Shall ever find Him near;
How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

There is prepared on high
My heritage, my lot;
Though here on earth I fall and die,
My heaven shall fail me not.
Though here my days are dark,
And oft my tears must rain,
Whene'er my Saviour's light I mark,
All things grow bright again.

Who joins him to that Lord
Whom Satan flies and hates,
Shall find himself despised, abhorr'd,
For him the burden waits
Of mockery and shame,
Heap'd on his guiltless head;
And crosses, trials, cruel blame,
Shall be his daily bread.

I knew it long ere now,
Yet am I not afraid;
The God to whom I pledged my vow,
Will surely send His aid.
At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save,
I will not turn from Him.

The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast for ever,
Not fire, or sword, or plague, from Thee
My trusting soul shall sever.

No hunger, and no thirst,
 No poverty or pain,
 Let mighty princes do their worst,
 Shall fright me back again.

No joys that angels know,
 No throne or wide-spread fame,
 No love or loss, no fear or woe,
 No grief of heart or shame—
 Man cannot aught conceive
 Of pleasure or of harm,
 That e'er could tempt my soul to leave
 Her refuge in Thine arm.

My heart for gladness springs,
 It cannot more be sad,
 For very joy it laughs and sings,
 Sees nought but sunshine glad.
 The sun that glads mine eyes
 Is Christ the Lord I love,
 I sing for joy of that which lies
 Stored up for us above.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1650.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Christ, were baptized into His death?—FROM THE EPISTLE.

WELL for him who all things losing,
E'en himself doth count as nought,
Still the one thing needful chooseth
That with all true blifs is fraught!

Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whose boundless love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth,
Calm and pure as fairs above!

Well for him who all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!

Oh that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him for ever
In whom all our fulness lies!

Oh that we might Him discover
Whom with longing love we've sought,
Join ourselves to Him for ever,
For without Him all is nought!

Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
From our God, so might we cease
Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
And our conscience be at peace!

Thou abyfs of love and goodnefs,
Draw us by Thy crofs to Thee,
That our fenfes, foul and fpirit,
Ever one with Chrift may be!

ANON.

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ; in wisdom
 hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of Thy
 riches.—PSALM civ. 24.

GO forth, my heart, and seek delight
 In all the gifts of God's great might,
 These pleasant summer hours :
 Look how the plains for thee and me
 Have deck'd themselves most fair to see,
 All bright and sweet with flowers.

The trees stand thick and dark with leaves,
 And earth o'er all her dust now weaves
 A robe of living green ;
 Nor silks of Solomon compare
 With glories that the tulips wear,
 Or lilies' spotless sheen.

The lark soars singing into space,
 The dove forsakes her hiding-place,
 And coos the woods among ;
 The richly-gifted nightingale,
 Pours forth her voice o'er hill and dale,
 And floods the fields with song.

Here with her brood the hen doth walk,
 There builds and guards his nest the stork,
 The fleet-wing'd swallows pass ;

The swift stag leaves his rocky home,
And down the light deer bounding come
To taste the long rich grafs.

The brooks rush gurgling through the sand,
And from the trees on either hand,
Cool shadows o'er them fall;
The meadows at their side are glad
With herds; and hark! the shepherd lad
Sends forth his mirthful call.

And humming, hovering to and fro,
The never-wearied swarms forth go
To seek their honey'd food;
And through the vine's yet feeble shoots
Stream daily upwards from her roots
New strength and juices good.

The corn springs up, a wealth untold,
A sight to gladden young and old,
Who now their voices lift
To Him who gives such plenteous store,
And makes the cup of life run o'er
With many a noble gift.

Thy mighty working, mighty God,
Wakes all my powers; I look abroad
And can no longer rest:
I too must sing when all things sing,
And from my heart the praises ring
The Highest loveth best.

I think, Art Thou so good to us,
And scatterest joy and beauty thus
 O'er this poor earth of ours;
What nobler glories shall be given
Hereafter in Thy shining heaven,
 Set round with golden towers!

What thrilling joy when on our fight
Christ's garden beams in cloudless light,
 Where all the air is sweet,
Still laden with the unwearied hymn
From all the thousand seraphim
 Who God's high praise repeat!

Oh were I there! Oh that I now,
Dear God, before Thy throne could bow,
 And bear my heavenly palm!
Then like the angels would I raise
My voice, and sing Thy endless praise
 In many a sweet-toned psalm.

Nor can I now, O God, forbear,
Though still this mortal yoke I wear,
 To utter oft Thy name;
But still my heart is bent to speak
Thy praises; still, though poor and weak,
 Would I set forth Thy fame.

But help me; let Thy heavenly showers
Revive and bless my fainting powers,
 And let me thrive and grow

Beneath the summer of Thy grace,
And fruits of faith bud forth apace
While yet I dwell below.

And fet me, Lord, in Paradise
When I have bloomed beneath these skies
Till my last leaf is flown;
Thus let me serve Thee here in time,
And after, in that happier clime,
And Thee, my God, alone!

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

O GOD, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
Who dost on us that sit in darkness
shine,

Our darkness ever with Thy light doth
strive,

In vain Thou lur'ft us with Thy beams divine.
Yet none, O Spirit, from Thine eye can hide,
Gladly will I Thy searching glance abide.

Search all my hidden parts, whate'er impure
Thy Light discovers there, do Thou destroy;
The bitterest pain I willingly endure,
Such pain is follow'd by eternal joy.
Thou'lt cleanse me from my stains of darkest hue,
And in Christ's image form my soul anew.

I cannot stay the venom'd power of sin,
'Tis Thy anointing only can avail;
Oh make my spirit new and right within,
For without Thee my utmost efforts fail.
Life to my cold dead soul I cannot give,
Be Thou my life, so only shall I live.

O Breath from out the Eternal Silence, blow
All softly o'er my spirit's barren ground,
All precious fulness of my God bestow,
That where erst sin and shame alone were found,
Faith, love, and holy reverence may upspring,
In spirit and in truth to worship God our King.

Oh let my thoughts, my actions and my will
Obedient solely to Thy impulse move,
My heart and senses keep Thou blameless still,
Fix'd and absorb'd in God's unutter'd love.
Thy praying, teaching, striving, in my heart,
Let me not quench, nor make Thee to depart.

O Fount, O Spirit, who dost take and show
Things of the Son to us, who crystal clear,
From God's throne and the Lamb's, dost ceaseless
flow

Into the quiet hearts that seek Thee here;
I open wide my mouth, and thirsting sink
Beside Thy stream, its living waves to drink.

I give myself to Thee, to Thee alone,
From all else sunder'd, Thou art ever near,
The creature and myself I all disown,
Trusting with inmost faith that God is here!
O God, O Spirit, Light of Life, we see
None ever wait in vain, who wait for Thee.

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.—FROM THE LESSON.

WHY haltest thus, deluded heart,
 Why wavereſt longer in thy choice?
 Is it ſo hard to chooſe the part
 Offer'd by Heaven's entreating voice?
 Oh look with clearer eyes again,
 Nor ſtrive to enter in, in vain.
 Preſs on!

Remember, 'tis not Cæſar's throne,
 Nor earthly honour, wealth or might,
 Whereby God's favour ſhall be ſhown
 To him who conquers in this fight;
 Himſelf and an eternity
 Of bliſs and reſt He offers thee.
 Preſs on!

God crowneth no divided heart;
 Oh hallow to Him all thy life!
 Who loveth Jeſus but in part,
 He works himſelf much pain and ſtrife,
 And gains what he deſerveth well,
 Here conſiſt, and hereafter hell.
 Preſs on!

Who wrestling long with many a cry,
 Can bid farewell at last to all;
 Yet loveth still the Lord most High,
 Loves Him alone whate'er befall,
 Is counted worthy of the crown
 And on a kingly throne set down.
 Press on!

Then break the rotten bonds away
 That hinder you your race to run,
 That make you linger oft and stay;
 Oh be your course afresh begun!
 Let no false rest your soul deceive,
 Up! 'tis a Heaven ye must achieve!
 Press on!

Omnipotence is on your side,
 And wisdom watches o'er your heads,
 And God Himself will be your guide
 So ye but follow where He leads;
 How many guided by His hand,
 Have reach'd ere now their native land.
 Press on!

Let not the body dull the soul,
 Its weakness, fears, and sloth despise;
 Man toils and roams from pole to pole
 To gain some earthly fleeting prize,
 The Highest Good he little cares
 To win, or striving soon despairs.
 Press on.

Oh help each other, hasten on,
Behold the goal is nigh at hand;
Soon shall the battle-field be won,
Soon shall your King before you stand!
To calmest rest He leads you now,
And sets His crown upon your brow.
Press on.

LEHR. 1733.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, even so
panteth my soul after Thee, O God.—PSALM xlii. 1.

O GOD, I long Thy light to see,
My God, I hourly think on Thee;
Oh draw me up, nor hide Thy face,
But help me from Thy holy place.

Ah how shall I my freedom win?
How break this heavy yoke of sin?
My fainting spirit thirsts for Thee,
Come, Lord, to help and set me free.

My heart is set to do Thy will,
But all my deeds are faulty still;
My best attempts are nothing worth,
But foil'd with cleaving taint of earth.

Remember that I am Thy child,
Forgive whate'er my soul defiled,
Blot out my sins, that I may rise
Freely to Thee beyond the skies.

Help me to love the world no more,
Be Master of my house and store,
The shield of faith around me throw,
And break the arrows of my foe.

Fain would my heart henceforward be
Fix'd, O my God, alone on Thee,
That heart and soul by Thee possessest,
May find in Thee their perfect rest.

Begone, ye pleasures false and vain,
Untasted, undesired remain!
In heaven alone those joys abound,
Where all my true delight is found.

Oh take away whate'er has stood
Between me and the Highest Good;
I ask no better boon than this,
To find in God my only bliss.

ANTON ULRICH,
Duke of Brunswick. 1667.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—PSALM xvi. 11

O FRIEND of souls, how well is me
 Whene'er Thy love my spirit calms!
 From sorrow's dungeon forth I flee,
 And hide me in Thy sheltering arms.
The night of weeping flies away
Before the heart-reviving ray
 Of love, that beams from out Thy breast;
Here is my heaven on earth begun;
Who were not joyful had he won
 In Thee, O God, his joy and rest!

The world may call herself my foe,
 So be it; for I trust her not,
E'en though a friendly face she show,
 And heap with her good things my lot.
In Thee alone will I rejoice,
Thou art the Friend, Lord, of my choice,
 For Thou art true when friendships fail;
'Mid storms of woe Thy truth is still
My anchor; hate me as it will,
 The world shall o'er me ne'er prevail.

Through deserts of the cross Thou ledest,
 I follow leaning on Thy hand;

From out the clouds Thy child 'Thou feedest,
And giv'st him water from the fount.
I know Thy wondrous ways will end
In love and blessing, Thou true Friend,
Enough if Thou art ever near!
I know, whom Thou wilt glorify,
And raise o'er sun and stars on high,
Thou lead'st through depths and darkness here.

To others Death seems dark and grim,
But not, Thou Life of life, to me;
I know Thou ne'er forsakest him
Whose heart and spirit rest in Thee.
Oh who would fear his journey's close,
If from dark woods and lurking foes,
He then find safety and release?
Nay, rather with a joyful heart
From this dark region I depart,
To Thy eternal light and peace.

O Friend of souls, then well indeed
Is me, when on Thy love I lean!
The world, nor pain, nor death I heed,
Since Thou, my God, my joy hast been.
Oh let this peace that Thou hast given,
Be but a foretaste of Thy heaven,
For goodness infinite is Thine.
Hence, world, with all thy flattering toys!
In God alone lie all my joys;
Oh rich delight, my Friend is mine!

DESZLER. 1692.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God.—
FROM THE EPISTLE.

WHO seek in weakness an excuse,
His sins will vanquish never;
Unless the heart and mind renews,
He is deceived for ever.
The straight and narrow way,
That shines to perfect day,
He hath not found, hath never trod;
Little he knows, I ween,
What prayer and conflict mean
To one who hath the light of God.

In what the world calls weakness lurks
The very strength of evil,
Full mightily it helps the works
Of our great foe the devil.
Awake, my soul, awake,
Quickly thy refuge take
With Him, the Almighty, who can save:
One look from Christ thy Lord
Can sever every cord
That binds thee now, a wretched slave.

Know, the first step in Christian lore
Is to depart from sin;
True faith will leave the world no more
A place thy heart within.
Thy Saviour's Spirit first
The heavy bonds must burst,
Wherein Death bound thee in thy need;
Then the freed spirit knows
What strength He gives to those
Who with their Lord are risen indeed.

And what Thy Spirit, Lord, began
Help Thou with inner might!
Earth has no better gift for man
Than strength and love of right.
Oh make Thy followers just
Who look to Thee in trust,
Thy strength and justice let us know;
Our souls through Thee would wear
The power of grace, most fair
Of all the jewels faith can show.

Strong Son of God, break down Thy foes,
So shall we conquer ours;
Strong in the might from Thee that flows,
We mourn not lack of powers,
E'er since that from above,
The witness of Thy love
Thy Spirit came, and doth abide
With us, dispelling fear
And falsehood, that we here
May fight and conquer on Thy side.

Give strength, whene'er our strength must fail;

Give strength the flesh to curb;

Give strength when craft and sin prevail

To weaken and disturb.

The world doth lay her snares

To catch us unawares,

Give strength to sweep them all away;

So in our utmost need,

And when death comes indeed,

Thy strength shall be our perfect stay.

MARPERGER. 1713.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Then Hezekiah received the letter of the hands of the messengers, and read it, and Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.—
FROM THE LESSON.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide,
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our crosses and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man, whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferr'd.
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face;
'Tis easy to our God most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up, and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully,
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfill'd in thee;
God never yet forfok at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

NEUMARCK. 1653.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh
with the affections and lusts.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

O CROSS, we hail thy bitter reign,
O come, thou well-beloved guest!
Whose forest sufferings work not pain,
Whose heaviest burden is but rest.

Is not our Blessed Saviour bound
In closest ties of love to those
Who faithful to the cross are found,
Through ceaseless tears, through saddest woes?

Hark, the confessors of the faith
Yet of their cross and fetters boast;
All saints have borne it to the death,
With all the martyrs' radiant host.

Pledge of our glorious home afar!
Thee, Holy Sign, with joy we take,
Sign of a peace life could not mar,
Of just content death could not shake.

Thou tell'st how Truth, once crucified,
Now throned in majesty doth reign,

How love is blest'd and glorified,
That here on earth was mock'd and flain.

Their names are writ in words of light
Who before men their Lord confest;
The bridegroom's cry is heard at night,
Come to my marriage feast, ye blest!

Who then would faint, nor joy to share
In Christ's reproach, in want or pain?
The bitterest death who would not dare?
Who fears a martyr's crown to gain?

Up, Brethren of the Cross! and haste
Onward where Christ hath gone before!
We hymn His praise the while we taste
The shame and death He sometime bore.

In bonds and stripes, in falsest blame,
Our crown, our dearest wealth we see,
A prison were a throne, and shame
Our chiefest glory, borne for Thee.

What though the world contempt may fling
On us, though oft we strive with death,
The holy angels speed to bring
Our help and strength, our victor's wreath.

Up, quit the gates where sin abides,
From earth's doom'd cities quickly come,
Yon eastern Star full surely guides
All pilgrims to their Father's home.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink . . for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

—FROM THE GOSPEL.

BE thou content; be still before
His face, at whose right hand doth reign
Fulness of joy for evermore,

Without whom all thy toil is vain.

He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.

Be thou content.

Art thou all friendless and alone,

Haft none in whom thou canst confide?

God careth for thee, lonely one,

Comfort and help will He provide.

He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,

He knoweth when to send thee quick relief;

Be thou content.

Thy heart's unspoken pain He knows,

Thy secret sighs He hears full well,

What to none else thou dar'st disclose,

To Him thou mayst with boldness tell.

He is not far away, but ever nigh,

And answereth willingly the poor man's cry.

Be thou content.

Why art thou full of anxious fear
 How thou shalt be sustain'd and fed?
 He who hath made and placed thee here,
 Will give thee needful daily bread.
 Canst thou not trust His rich and bounteous hand,
 Who feeds all living things on sea and land?
 Be thou content.

He who doth teach the little birds
 To find their meat in field and wood,
 Who gives the countless flocks and herds,
 Each day their needful drink and food,
 Thy hunger too will surely satisfy,
 And all thy wants in His good time supply.
 Be thou content.

Sayst thou, I know not how or where,
 No help I see where'er I turn;
 When of all else we most despair,
 The riches of God's love we learn;
 When thou and I His hand no longer trace,
 He leads us forth into a pleasant place.
 Be thou content.

Though long His promised aid delay,
 At last it will be surely sent;
 Though thy heart sink in fore dismay,
 The trial for thy good is meant.
 What we have won with pains we hold more fast,
 What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.
 Be thou content.

Lay not to heart whate'er of ill
Thy foes may falsely speak of thee,
Let man defame thee as he will,
God hears, and judges righteously.
Why shouldst thou fear, if God be on thy side,
Man's cruel anger, or malicious pride?
Be thou content.

We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
Sooner or later death will surely come
To end our sorrows, and to take us home.
Be thou content.

Home to the chosen ones, who here
Served their Lord faithfully and well,
Who died in peace, without a fear,
And there in peace for ever dwell.
The Everlasting is their joy and stay,
The Eternal Word Himself to them doth say,
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1670.

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her and said unto her, Weep not!—FROM THE GOSPEL.

LEAVE all to God,
 Forfaken one, and still thy tears.
 For the Highest knows thy pain,
 Sees thy sufferings and thy fears;
 Thou shalt not wait His help in vain,
 Leave all to God.

Be still and trust!
 For His strokes are strokes of love,
 Thou must for thy profit bear;
 He thy filial fear would move,
 Trust thy Father's loving care,
 Be still and trust!

Know, God is near!
 Though thou think Him far away,
 Though His mercy long have slept,
 He will come and not delay,
 When His child enough hath wept,
 For God is near!

O teach Him not
 When and how to hear thy prayers:

Never doth our God forget,
He the crofs who longeſt bears
Finds his ſorrows' bounds are fet,
Then teach Him not.

If thou love Him,
Walking truly in His ways,
Then no trouble, crofs or death,
Shakes thy heart, or quells thy praife.
All things ſerve thee here beneath,
If thou love God!

ANTON ULRICH
Duke of Brunſwick. 1667.

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

I beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

COME, brethren, let us go!
The evening closeth round,
'Tis perilous to linger here
On this wild desert ground.

Take courage as ye wend
On towards eternity,
From strength to strength your course shall be,
And good at last your end.

We shall not rue our choice,
Though strait our path and steep,
We know that He who call'd us here
His word shall ever keep.
Then follow, trusting; come,
And let each set his face
Toward yonder fair and blessed place,
Intent to reach our home.

The body and the house
Deck not, but deck the heart

With all your powers; we are but guests,
Ere long we must depart.
Ease brings disease; content
Howe'er his lot may fall,
A pilgrim bears and bows to all,
For soon the time is spent.

Come, children, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.
Our spirits He would cheer,
The sunshine of His love
Revives and helps us as we rove,
Ah, blest our lot e'en here!

Each hasten bravely on,
Not yet our goal is near;
Look to the fiery pillar oft,
That tells the Lord is here.
Onward your glances send,
Love beckons us, nor think
That they who following chance to sink,
Shall miss their journey's end.

Come, children, let us go!
We travel hand in hand;
Each in his brother finds his joy
In this wild stranger land.
As children let us be,
Nor by the way fall out,
The angels guard us round about,
And help us brotherly.

The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.
In love yet closer bound,
Each would be least, yet still
On love's fair path most pure from ill,
Most loving, would be found.

Come, wander on with joy,
For shorter grows the way,
Each rising sun brings on the time
When in the grave we lay
The body down; awhile
Have truth and courage yet,
Your hopes above more fully set,
Careless of things more vile

It will not last for long,
A little farther roam;
It will not last much longer now
Ere we shall reach our home;
There shall we ever rest,
There with our Father dwell,
With all the saints who served Him well,
There truly, deeply blest.

For this all things we dare,—
'Tis worth the risk I trow,—
Renouncing all that clogs our course,
Or weighs us down below.

O world, thou art too small,
We seek another higher,
Whither Christ guides us ever nigher,
Where God is all in all.

Friend of our perfect choice,
Thou Joy of all that live,
Being that know'st not chance or change,
What courage dost Thou give!
All beauty, Lord, we see,
All bliss and life and love,
In Him in whom we live and move,
And we are glad in Thee!

TERSTEEGEN. 1731.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,
who shall also confirm you unto the end.—FROM THE
EPISTLE.

THOUGH all to Thee were faithless,
I yet were true my Head,
To show that love is deathless,
From earth not wholly fled.
Here didst Thou live in sadness,
And die in pain for me,
Wherefore I give with gladness,
My heart and soul to Thee.

I could weep night and morning
That Thou hast died, and yet
So few will heed Thy warning,
So many Thee forget.
O loving and true-hearted,
How much for us didst Thou!
Yet is Thy fame departed,
And none regards it now.

But still Thy love befriends us,
Of every heart the guide;
Unfailing help it lends us,
Though all had turn'd aside.

Oh! such love soon or later
Must conquer, must be felt,
Then at Thy feet the traitor
In bitter tears shall melt.

Lord, I have inly found Thee,
Depart Thou not from me,
But wrap Thy love around me,
And keep me close to Thee.
Once too my brethren, yonder
Upgazing where Thou art,
Shall learn Thy love with wonder,
And sink upon Thy heart.

NOVALIS.

About 1795.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

But ye have not so learned Chrift ; if so be that ye have heard Him, and have been taught by Him, as the truth is in Jefus : that ye put off, concerning the former converfation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lufts ; and be renewed in the fpirit of your mind ; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteoufnefs and true holinefs.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

OH well for him who all things braves,
A foldier of the Lord to be,
Whom vice counts not among her flaves,
From envy, pride and paffion free ;
Who with the world of evil wars,
And bows his will beneath God's laws.

Who follows Chrift whate'er betide,
Is worthy of a foldier's name ;
Is He thy Way, thy Light, thy Guide,
'Tis meet thou alfo bear His fhame :
Who fhinks from dark Gethfemane,
Shall Tabor's glories never fee.

What profits it that Chrift hath deign'd
To wear our mortal nature thus,
If we ourfelves have ne'er attain'd
That God reveal Himfelf in us ?

The pure and virgin foul alone
He chooseth for His earthly throne.

What profits it that Christ is born,
And bringeth childhood back to men,
Unless our long-lost right we mourn,
And win through penitence again,
And lead a God-like life on earth,
As children of the second birth?

What profits all that Christ hath taught,
If man is slave to reason still,
And worldly wisdom, honour, thought,
Rule all his acts, and move his will?
He follows what his Lord doth teach
Who true denial of self would reach.

What profit us His deeds and life,
His meekness, love so quick to bless,
If we give place to pride and strife,
Dishonouring thus His holiness?
What profits it, if for reward,
And not in faith, we call Him Lord?

What profits us His agony,
If we endure not pain and scorn?
'Tis combat brings forth victory,
Of sorrow sweetest joys are born;
And ne'er to him Christ's crown is given,
Who hath not here with Adam striven.

What profit ye His death and cross,
Unless to self ye also die?

Ye love your life to find it loss,
Afraid the flesh to crucify.
Wouldst live to this world still? Then know,
Christ's death to thee is barren show.

What profit that he loosed and broke
All bonds, if ye in league remain
With earth? Who weareth Satan's yoke
Shall call Him Master but in vain.
Count ye the soul for reconciled,
Yet slave to earth, by sin defiled?

What profits it that He is risen,
If dead in sins thou yet dost lie?
If yet thou cleavest to thy prison,
What profit that He dwells on high?
His triumph will avail thee nought,
If thou hast ne'er the battle fought.

Then live and suffer, do and bear,
As Christ thy pattern here hath done,
And seek His innocence to wear,
That He may count thee of His own.
Who loveth Christ must live at war
With all that breaks His holy law.

ANON.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

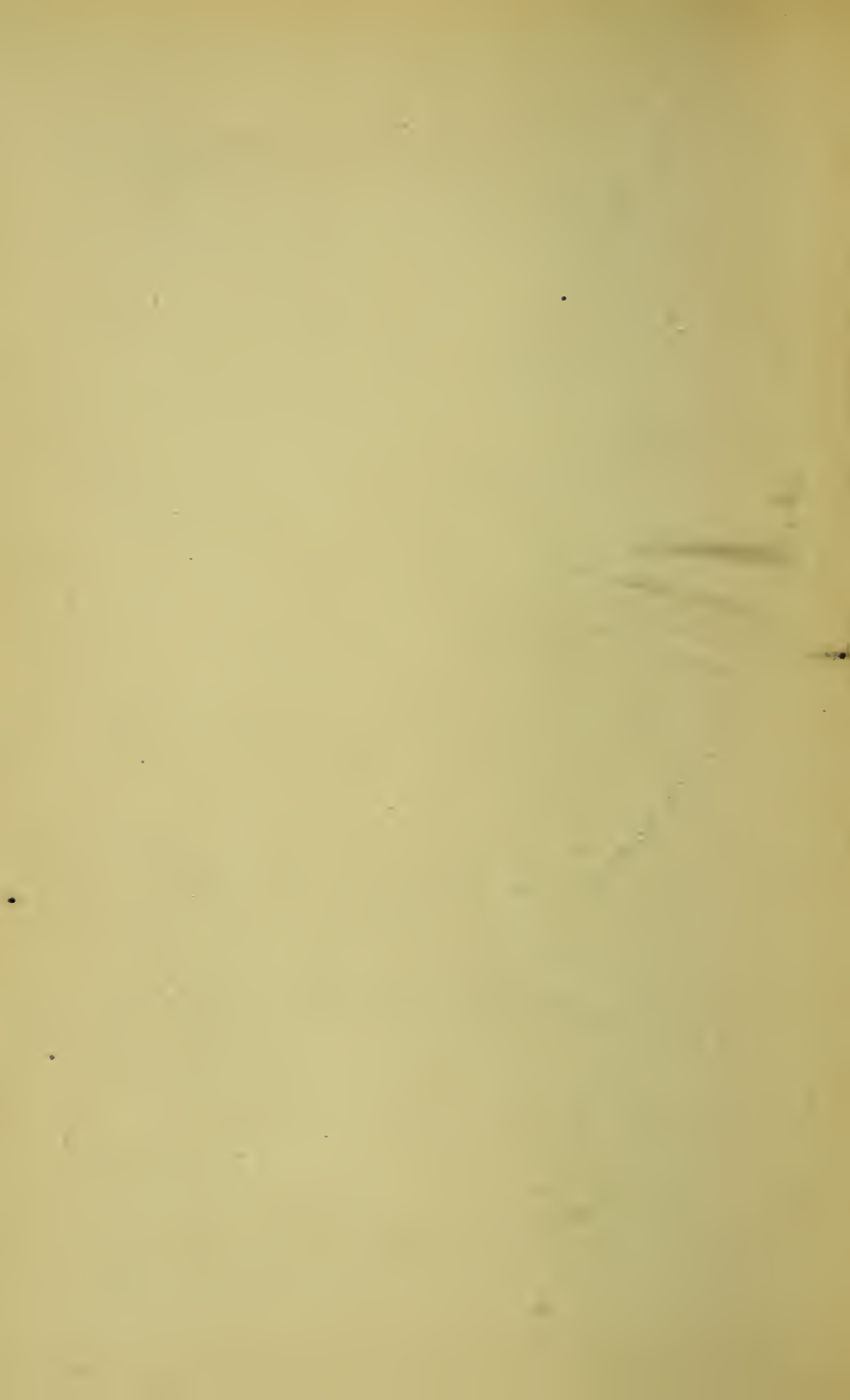
Singing and making melody in your heart unto the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.
—FROM THE EPISTLE.

OH would I had a thousand tongues,
To sound Thy praise o'er land and sea!
Oh! rich and sweet should be my songs,
Of all my God has done for me!
With thankfulness my heart must often swell,
But mortal lips Thy praises faintly tell.

Oh that my voice could far resound
Up to yon stars that o'er me shine!
Would that my blood for joy might bound
Through every vein, while life is mine!
Would that each pulse were gratitude, each breath
A song to Him who keeps me safe from death!

O all ye powers of soul and mind,
Arise, keep silence thus no more;
Put forth your strength, and ye shall find
Your noblest work is to adore.
O soul and body, make ye pure and meet,
With heartfelt praise your God and Lord to greet.





Ye little leaves so fresh and green,
That dance for joy in summer air,
Ye slender grasses, bright and keen,
Ye flowers so wondrous sweet and fair;
Ye only live to show your Maker's fame,
Help me his loving-kindness to proclaim.

O all ye living things that throng
With breath and motion earth and sky,
Be ye companions in my song,
Help me to raise His praises high;
For my unaided powers are far too weak
The glories of His mighty works to speak.

And first, O Father, praise to Thee
For all I am and all I have,
It was Thy merciful decree
That all those blessings richly gave,
Which o'er the earth are scatter'd far and near,
To help and gladden us who sojourn here.

And, dearest Jesus, blest be Thou,
Whose heart with pity overflows,
Thou rich in help! who deign'dst to bow
To earth, and taste her keenest woes;
Thy death has burst my bonds and set me free,
Has made me Thine; henceforth I cling to Thee.

Nor less to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting honours paid,
For all Thy comfort, Lord, and most
That I a child of life am made

By Thy deep lore; my good deeds are not mine,
Thou workest them through me, O light Divine.

Yes, Lord, through all my changing days,
With each new scene afresh I mark
How wondrously Thou guid'st my ways,
Where all seems troubled, wilder'd, dark;
When dangers thicken fast, and hopes depart,
Thy light beams comfort on my sinking heart.

Shall I not then be fill'd with joy,
Shall I not praise Thee evermore?
Triumphant songs my lips employ,
E'en when my cup of woe runs o'er.
Nay, though the heavens should vanish as a scroll,
Nothing shall shake or daunt my trusting soul.

But of Thy goodness will I sing
As long as I have life and breath,
Offerings of thanks I daily bring
Until my heart is still in death;
And when at last my lips grow pale and cold,
Yet in my sighs Thy praises shall be told.

Father, do Thou in mercy deign
To listen to my early lays;
Once shall I learn a nobler strain,
Where angels ever hymn Thy praise,
There in the radiant choir I too shall sing
Loud hallelujahs to my glorious King.

MENTZER. 1704.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.
Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able
to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle
not against flesh and blood, but against principalities,
against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this
world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.—
FROM THE EPISTLE.

GOD is our stronghold firm and sure,
Our trusty shield and weapon,
He shall deliver us, whate'er
Of ill to us may happen.
Our ancient Enemy
In earnest now is he,
Much craft and great might
Arm him for the fight,
On earth is not his fellow.

Our might is nought but weakness, soon
Should we the battle lose,
But for us fights the rightful Man,
Whom God Himself doth choose.
Askest thou His name?
'Tis Jesus Christ, the same
Whom Lord of Hosts we call,
God only over all;
None from the field can drive Him.

What though the world were full of fiends,
That would us sheer devour!
We know we yet shall win the day,
We fear not all their power.
The Prince of this world still
May struggle as he will,
He nothing can prevail,
A word shall make him quail,
For he is judged of Heaven.

The word of God they shall not touch,
Yet have no thanks therefor,
God by His Spirit and His gifts,
Is with us in the war.
Then let them take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Though nought of these we save,
Small profit shall they have,
The kingdom ours abideth!

LUTHER. 1530.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not
unto thine own understanding.—FROM THE LESSON.

HOW blest to all Thy followers, Lord, the
road

By which Thou lead'st them on, yet
oft how strange!

But Thou in all dost seek our highest good,
For truth were true no longer, couldst Thou
change.

Though crooked seem the paths, yet are they straight,
By which Thou draw'st Thy children up to Thee,
And passing wonders by the way they see,
And learn at last to own Thee wise and great.

No human laws can bind Thy Spirit, Lord,
That reason or opinion frame for us;
The knot of doubt is sever'd by Thy sword,
Or falls unravell'd if Thou wilt thus.
The strongest bonds are weak to Thee, O God,
All sinks and fails that would Thy course oppose;
Thy lightest word can quell Thy stoutest foes,
And desert paths are by Thy footsteps trod.

What human prudence fondly strives to bind,
 Thy wisdom funders far as east from west;
 We long beneath the yoke of man have pined,
 Thy hand exalteth high above the rest.
 The world would scatter, Thou dost union give;
 She breaks, Thou buildest; what she builds is made
 A ruin'd heap; her light is nought but shade;
 Her dead Thy Spirit calls to rise and live.

Is there an act our reason would applaud?
 Lo in Thy book hast Thou the example given;
 But him whom none as wise and pious laud,
 Thou often lead'st in secret up to Heaven,
 As Thou didst leave the Pharisee, to go
 And eat with sinners whom all else forsook.
 Who can search out Thy purposes, or look
 Into th' abyss of wisdom whence they flow?

Our all, O God, is nothing in Thine eyes,
 Our nothing Thou regardest oft with love;
 Glory and pomp of words Thou dost not prize,
 Thy impulse only gives them power to move.
 Thy noblest works awaken not man's praise,
 For they are hidden, and he blindly turns
 Away, nor though he see, their light discerns,
 Too gross his sense, too keen their dazzling rays.

O Ruler! We would bless Thee and adore,
 At whose command we live or turn to dust;
 When Thou dost give us of Thy wisdom's store,
 We see how true Thy care, and learn to trust.

Thy wisdom plays with us as with a child,
Who playing learns his Father loves him well;
'Tis love that brings Thee down with man to
dwell,

Love guides our faltering footsteps through the wild

Now seems to us o'er harsh and strict Thy school,
Now dost Thou greet us mild and tenderly,
Now when our wilder passions break Thy rule,
Thy judgments fright us back again to Thee.
With downcast eyes we seek Thy face again,
Thou kissest us, we promise fair amends,
Once more Thy Spirit rest and pardon sends,
And curbs our passions with a stronger rein.

Thou know'st, O Father, all our weakness well,
Our impotence, our foolishness of mind;
Almost a passing glance may serve to tell
How weak are we, how ignorant, how blind.
Wherefore Thou comest with Thy help and stay,
A father's rule, a mother's love are Thine;
The lamb, on whom none else discern Thy sign,
Thou carriest in Thy bosom day by day.

The common ways are trodden not of Thee,
Seldom Thy steps are traced by mortal eyes,
Yet art Thou near us, and unseen, dost see
All hopes and wishes that within us rise.
The bright reflexion of Thy inner thought
Is day by day before our eyes outspread;
Who thinks he quickest hath Thy meaning read,
Is oft another deeper lesson taught.

O Eye, whose glance no falsehood can endure,
Grant me to wisely judge, and well discern,
Nature from grace—Thy Light serene and pure
From grosser fires that in and round me burn.
Let no strange fire be kindled on the shrine
Within my heart lest I should madly bring
The hated offering unto Thee, O King.
Ah, blest the soul whose light is born of Thine!

When reason contradicts Thy law, or climbs
So high, she weeneth to know more than Thou.
Break down her confidence, great God, betimes,
And teach her lowly at Thy feet to bow.
Nor let my proud heart dictate, Lord, to Thee,
But tame the wayward will that seeks its own,
And wake the love that clings to Thee alone,
And takes Thy judgments in humility.

Absorb my will in Thine; support and bear
Onward in loving arms Thy timid child,
Thy Spirit's voice dispels all doubt, all fear,
And quells the passions erst so fierce and wild.
Thou art mine, All, since that Thy Son is mine
Oh let Thy Spirit work with power in me,
With strong desire I thirst, I pant for Thee,
Oh joy whene'er Thy glories round me shine!

So shall the creature ever serve me here,
Nor angels blush to bear me company;
The perfect spirits to Thy throne most near,
They are my brethren, waiting there for me;

And oft my spirit joys to meet a heart,
That loveth Thee and me and every saint.
Is aught then left can make me sad and faint?
Come, Fount of Joy! vain sorrows, all depart!

GOTTFRIED ARNOLD. 1666-1714.

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

For our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

LET who will in thee rejoice,
O thou fair and wondrous earth!
Ever anguish'd sorrow's voice
Pierces through thy seeming mirth;
Let thy vain delights be given
Unto them who love not Heaven,
My desire is fix'd on Thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

Weary souls with toil outworn,
Drooping 'neath the long hot light,
Wish that soon the coming morn
Might be quenched again in night,
That their toils might find a close
In a soft and deep repose;
I but wish to rest in Thee,
Jesus, dearest far to me!

Others dare the treacherous wave
Hidden rock and shifting wind,—

Storm and danger let them brave,
 Earthly good or wealth to find;
 Faith shall wing my upward flight
 Far above yon starry height,
 Till I find myself with Thee,
 Jesus, dearest Friend to me!

Many a time ere now I said,
 Many a time again shall say,
 Would to God that I were dead,
 Would that in my grave I lay!
 Rest were mine, and sweet my lot
 Where the body hindereth not,
 And the soul can ever be,
 Jesus, dearest Lord, with Thee!

Come, O Death, thou twin of Sleep,
 Lead me hence, I pray thee come,
 Loose my rudder, through the deep
 Guide my vessel safely home.
 Thy approach who will may fly,
 'Twere a joy to me to die,
 For death opes the gates to Thee,
 Jesus, dearest Friend to me!

Would that I to-day might leave
 This my earthly prison here,
 And my crown of joy receive
 Waiting me in yon bright sphere!
 In that home of joy, where dwell
 Hosts of angels, would I tell
 How the Godhead shines in Thee,
 Jesus, dearest Lord to me!

But not yet the gates of gold
I may see nor enter in,
Nor the heavenly fields behold,
But must sit and mourning spin
Life's dark thread on earth below ;
Let my thoughts then hourly go
Whither I myself would be,
Jesus, dearest Lord, with Thee!

J. FRANCK 1653.

TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Jefus answered and faid unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things : but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chofen that good part which fhall not be taken away from her.—LUKE x. 41, 42.

ONE thing is needful ! Let me deem
Aright of that whereof He fpoke ;
All elfe, how fweet foe'er it feem,
Is but in truth a heavy yoke,
'Neath which the toiling fpirit frets and pants,
Yet never finds the happinefs it wants :
This One can make amends whate'er I mifs,
Who hath it finds in all his joy through this !

My foul, wouldft thou this one thing find ?
Seek not amid created things ;
Leave what is earthly far behind,
O'er Nature heavenward ftretch thy wings,
Where God and man are One, in whom appear
All truth and fulnefs, thou haft found it here,—
The better part, the One thing needful He,
My One, my All, my Joy, who faveth me.

As Mary once devoutly fought
The Eternal truth, the better part,
And fat, enwrapt in holy thought,
At Jefu's feet with burning heart,

For nought else caring, yearning for the word
That should be spoken by her Friend, her Lord,
Losing her All in Him, His word believing,
And through the One all things again receiving:

Even so is all my heart's desire
Fix'd, dearest Lord, on Thee alone;
Oh make me true and draw me nigher,
And make Thyself, O Christ, my own.
Though many turn aside to join the crowd,
To follow Thee in love my heart is vow'd,
Thy word is life and spirit, whither go?
What joy is there in Thee we cannot know?

All perfect wisdom lies in Thee
As in its primal hidden source;
Oh let my will submissive be,
And hold henceforth its even course,
Controll'd by truth and meekness, for high Heaven
To lowly simple hearts hath wisdom given;
Who knoweth Christ aright, and in Him lives,
Hath won the highest prize that wisdom gives.

Oh that my soul from sleep might wake,
And ever, Lord, Thine image bear!
Thee for my portion I will take,
Thy holiness Thou bidd'st us share,
Whate'er we need for God-like walk and life
Is given to us in Thee; oh end this strife,
And free me from the love of passing things,
To know alone the life from Thee that springs!

What can I ask for more? Behold
Thy mercy is a very flood;
I know that Thou hast pass'd of old
Into the Holiest through Thy blood,
And there redeem'd for ever those who lay
Beneath the rule of Satan; now are they
Made free by Thee, who erst were slaves and weak,
And childlike hearts the name of Father speak.

Deep joy and peace and holy calm
Fill my once restless spirit now;
O'er verdant pastures free from harm,
She follows Thee, her shepherd Thou;
Whate'er rejoices or consoles us here,
Is not so sweet as feeling Thou art near;
This One is needful, but all else is dross,
Let me win Christ, all other gain is loss.

SCHRODER. 1697.

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

Behold the days come, faith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign, and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.—FROM THE PASSAGE FOR THE EPISTLE.

REDEEMER of the nations, come!
Ransom of earth, here make Thy home!
Bright Sun, oh dart Thy flame to earth,
For so shall God in Christ have birth!

Thou comest from Thy kingly throne,
O Son of God, the Virgin's Son!
Thou Hero of a two-fold race,
Walkest in might earth's darkest place.

Thou stoopedst once to suffer here,
And risest o'er the starry sphere;
Hell's gates at Thy descent were riven,
Thy ascent is to highest Heaven.

One with the Father! Prince of might!
O'er nature's realm assert Thy right,
Our sickly bodies pine to know
Thy heavenly strength, Thy living glow.

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams,
The splendour of Thy natal night
Shines through all Time in deathless light.

J. FRANCK.

After St. Ambrose.

S'T. ANDREW'S DAY.

And Jesus faith unto them, Follow me. . . And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

FOLLOW me, in me ye live,
What ye ask I freely give,
Only heed ye lest ye stray,
Follow me the Living Way;
Follow me with all your hearts,
I will ward off sorrow's darts,
Learn from Christ your Lord to be
Rich in meek humility.

Yea, Lord, meet it is indeed
We should all Thy bidding heed;
Who in fear of this world's blame,
Counts Thy lowly yoke a shame,
To Thy name, Lord, hath no right,
Is no Christian in Thy fight.
Ah too well I know that we,
Here on earth, should follow Thee.

Where is strength, Lord, to fulfil,
Glad at heart, Thy works and will,
Following on where Thou hast trod?
All too weak am I, O God;

If awhile Thy paths I keep,
Soon I pine for rest and sleep;
E'en to love Thee, Lord, aright,
Passeth far my feeble might.

Yet I will not turn from Thee,
Yet my joy in Christ shall be;
Help me, make me strong and bold,
Firm and fast Thy grace to hold.
This world and her lusts I leave,
Only to my Lord I cleave;
All their promises are lies,
But who follows Thee is wise.

Thou hast gone before us, Lord,
Not with anger, strife, or sword,
Not with kingly pomp and pride;
But with mercy at Thy side.
Moved by wondrous love divine
For our life Thou gavest Thine,
And Thy precious outpour'd blood,
Won for us the highest good.

Let us follow in such sort,
Christ-like every deed and thought,
That Thy love most true and kind
Henceforth all our hearts may bind;
None may look behind him now,
Who to Christ hath pledged his vow
Christ doth lead, no longer stand,
Follow me, is His command.

Draw me up, my God, from hence,
Raife me high o'er earth and fenfe,
That I lofe not Thee from fight,
Nor in life nor death, my Light!
In my foul's moft deep recess
Let me cherifh holinefs,
Not for fhew or human praife,
But for Thy fake, all my days.

Grant me, Lord, my heart's defire,
So my courfe to run nor tire,
That my practifed foul may prove
What Thy meeknefs, what Thy love.
Grant me here to trust Thy grace,
There with joy to fee Thy face,
This in time my portion be,
That through all eternity!

RIST. 1644.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

LONG in the spirit-world my soul had
fought
Some friendly being, close to her akin;
Long had prepared a dwelling in her
thought

And heart for such an one; for she could win
Through Him alone her strength, for Him she yearn'd,
Toward Him her fervent longing ever burn'd.

And rich the world in things invisible,
In heathen gods, and spirits great and small,
And bright and dark; yet ever did she dwell
Alone, for One was wanting 'mid them all;
One having might and glory, rich in love,
God, who as man could shame and weakness prove.

Then came the Word, and took on Him our flesh,
And dwelt with men, here in the world of fight,
And made an end of strife, and link'd afresh
Our sinful earth unto the throne of light.
Into His ancient glory He is gone,
And yet He dwells with us till time be done.

Thus, O my soul, hast thou received thy will;

The glory of the world of ghosts is dim
Before the One, who is, and was, and still

Shall ever be; all hearts are fix'd on Him,
And spirit worlds, since He is there, become
Hallow'd and safe to thee, thy proper home.

Thou soarest now through all their heights sublime,

And not as once doth empty back return,
But gazing on thy God, forgettest time

Beneath His loving glance, whence thou wouldst
learn

How thou shouldst love, and know His Word aright!

Ah blest the love and faith that ask not fight!

ALBERTINI. 1821.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,
according to Thy word ; for mine eyes have seen Thy
salvation.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

LIGHT of the Gentile world !
Thy people's joy and love !
Drawn by Thy Spirit we are come
Thy presence, Lord, to prove.
Within Thy temple walls
We wait with earnest mind,
As Simeon waited long of old
His Saviour God to find.

Thou wilt be found of us,
O Lord, in every place,
Where Thou hast promised faithfully
We should behold Thy face.
Thou yet dost suffer us
Who oft are gather'd here,
To bear Thee in the arms of faith
As once that aged seer.

Be Thou our bliss, our light,
Shining 'mid pain and loss,
Our Sun of strength in time of fear,
The glory round our cross ;

A glow in sinking hearts,
A funbeam in distress,
Physician, nurse, in sickness' hours,
In death our happiness!

Oh let us, Lord, prevail
With Simeon at the last;
May we take up his dying song
When life is waning fast!
"Let me depart in peace,
Since that mine aged eyes
Have seen the Saviour here on earth,
Have seen His glory rise."

Yes, with the eye of faith
My Jesus I behold;
No foe can rob me of my Lord,
Though fierce his threats and bold.
I dwell within Thy heart,
Thou dost in mine abide,
Not sorrow, pain nor death itself,
Can tear me from Thy side.

J. FRANCK. 1653

ST. MATTHIAS' DAY.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

YES, there remaineth yet a rest!
 Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
 By heavy care and pain oppress'd,
 On whom no sun of gladness shines;
 Look to the Lamb! in yon bright fields
 Thou'lt know the joy His presence yields;
 Cast off thy load and thither haste;
 Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more,
 Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
 And deep the rest thou then shalt taste.

The rest appointed thee of God,
 The rest that nought shall break or move,
 That ere this earth by man was trod
 Was set apart for thee by Love.
 Our Saviour gave His life to win
 This rest for thee; oh enter in!
 Hear how His voice sounds far and wide,
 Ye weary souls, no more delay,
 Loiter not faithless by the way,
 Here in my peace and rest abide!

Ye heavy-laden, come to Him!
 Ye who are bent with many a load,
 Come from your prisons drear and dim,
 Toil not thus sadly of your road!

Ye've borne the burden of the day,
And hear ye not your Saviour say,
I am your refuge and your rest?
His children ye, of heavenly birth,
Howe'er may rage sin, hell, or earth,
Here are ye safe, here calmly blest.

Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears.
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last,
There with the Lamb of God we dwell,
He leads us to the crystal river,
He wipes away all tears for ever;
What there is ours no tongue can tell.

Hunger nor thirst can pain us there,
The time of recompense is come,
Nor cold nor scorching heat we bear,
Safe shelter'd in our Saviour's home.
The Lamb is in the midst; and those
Who follow'd Him through shame and woes,
Are crown'd with honour, joy and peace.
The dry bones gather life again,
One Sabbath over all shall reign,
Wherein all toil and labour cease.

There is untroubled calm and light,
No gnawing care shall mar our rest;
Ye weary, heed this word aright,
Come, lean upon your Saviour's breast.

Fain would I linger here no more,
Fain to yon happier world upsoar,
And join that bright expectant band.
Oh raise, my soul, the joyful song
That rings through yon triumphant throng;
Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand.

KUNTH. 1733.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me
according to Thy word.—FROM THE GOSPEL.

YEA, my spirit fain would sink
In Thy heart and hands, my God,
Waiting till Thou show the end
Of the ways that Thou hast trod;
Stripp'd of self, how calm her rest
On her loving Father's breast!

And my soul repineth not,
Well content whate'er befall;
Murmurs, wishes, of self-will,
They are slain and vanquish'd all,
Restless thoughts, that fret and crave,
Slumber in her Saviour's grave.

And my soul is free from care,
For her thoughts from all things cease
That can pierce like sharpest thorns,
Wounding sore the inner peace.
He who made her careth well,
She but seeks in peace to dwell.

And my soul despaireth not,
Loving God amid her woe;
Grief that wrings and breaks the heart
Only they who hate Him know:

They who love Him still possess
Comfort in their worst distress.

And my soul complaineth not,
For she knows not pain or fear,
Clinging to her God in faith,
Trusting though He slay her here
'Tis when flesh and blood repine,
Sun of joy, Thou canst not shine.

Thus my soul before her God
Lieth still, nor speaketh more,
Conqueror thus o'er pain and wrong,
That once smote her to the core;
Like a silent ocean, bright
With her God's great praise and light.

WINKLER. 1713

ST. BARNABAS' DAY.

We preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein : who in time past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.—FROM THE LESSON.

SHALL I not sing praise to Thee,
 Shall I not give thanks, O Lord?
 Since in every thing I see
 How Thy love keeps watch ~~and~~ ward
 O'er us, how the truest love
 Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
 Bearing, cheering, on their road,
 All who in Thy service move.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's love only lasts for aye.

As the eagle o'er her nest
 Spreads her sheltering wings abroad,
 So from all that would molest,
 Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord;
 From my youth up e'en till now,
 Of the being Thou didst give,

And the life that still I live,
Faithful Guardian still wert Thou.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Nay He kept not back His Son,
But hath given Him for our good,
And our safety He hath won
By the shedding of His blood.
O Thou fathomless abyfs!
My weak powers but strive in vain,
Knowledge of Thy depths to gain,
Man knows not such love as this.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

And His Spirit, blessed Guide,
In His holy Word doth teach,
How on earth we may abide,
So that heaven at last we reach;
Every longing heart doth fill
With the pure true light of faith,
That can break the bonds of death,
And control the powers of ill.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Truly hath he cared indeed
For my soul's health, and no less
If my body suffer need,
Will He help in my distress.
When my strength and courage fail,
When my powers can do no more.

Doth my God such strength outpour,
That I rise up and prevail.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

All the hosts of heaven and earth,
Hath He placed at my command,
Nowhere is there lack or dearth,
But I find in sea and land
All things order'd for my wants,
Living things in fields and woods.
On the heights or in the floods,
And the earth brings forth her plants.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

When I sleep my Guardian wakes,
And revives my wearied mind;
Every morning on me breaks
With some mark of love most kind
Had my God not stood my Friend,
Had His countenance not been
Here my guide, I had not seen
Many a trial reach its end.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Often hath my crafty Foe
Threaten'd to bring down on me
Many a fore and heavy woe,
From which yet my life is free;
For the angel whom God sends,
Wards off every threaten'd hurt,

Every evil doth avert
That mine Enemy intends.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

As a father ne'er withdraws
From a child His all of love,
Though it often break his laws,
Though it careless, wilful, prove:
Even so my loving Lord
Doth my faults with pity see,
With His rod He chasteneth me,
Not avenging with His sword.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

When His strokes upon me light,
Bitterly I feel their smart,
Yet are they, if seen aright,
Tokens that my Father's heart
Yearns to bring me back again
Through these crosses to His fold,
From the world that fain would hold
Soul and body in its chain.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

All my life I still have found,
And I will forget it never,
Every sorrow hath its bound,
And no cross endures for ever.
After all the winter's snows
Comes sweet summer back again.

Patient souls ne'er wait in vain,
Joy is given for all their woes.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye.

Since then neither change nor end,
In Thy love can e'er have place,
Father! I beseech Thee send
Unto me Thy loving grace.
Help Thy feeble child, and give
Strength to serve Thee day and night,
Loving Thee with all my might,
While on earth I yet must live;
So shall I when Time is o'er,
Praise and love Thee evermore.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them that shall be heirs of salvation?—

HEB. i. 14.

PRAISE and thanks to Thee be sung,
Mighty God, in sweetest tone!
Lo! from every land and tongue,
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praising Thee, that Thou dost send,
Daily from Thy Heaven above,
Angel-messengers of love,
Who Thy threaten'd Church defend.
Who can offer worthily,
Lord of angels, praise to Thee!
'Tis your office, Spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day,
And before your heavenly might,
Powers of darkness flee away;
Ever doth your unseen host,
Camp around us, and avert
All that seek to do us hurt,
Curbing Satan's malice most.
Lord, who then can worthily,
For such goodness honour Thee!
And ye come on ready wing,
When we drift toward sheer despair,
Seeing nought where we might cling,
Suddenly, lo, ye are there!

And the wearied heart grows strong,
As an angel strengthen'd Him,
Fainting in the garden dim,
'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.
Lord, who then can worthily,
For such mercy honour Thee!

Right and seemly were it then
We should glory that our God
Hath such honour put on men,
That He sends o'er earth abroad
Princes of the realm above,
Champions, who by day and night,
Shield us with His holy might;
Come, behold how great His love!
Lord, who then can worthily,
For such favour honour Thee!

Praise and thanks to Thee be sung,
Mighty God, in sweetest tone.
Lo! from every land and tongue,
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praising Thee, that Thou dost send,
Hourly from Thy glorious sphere,
Angels down to help us here,
And Thy threaten'd Church defend.
Let us henceforth worthily,
Lord of angels, honour Thee.

R1ST. 1655.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Lo. a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.—FROM THE EPISTLE.

WHO are those before God's throne,
What the crowned host I see?
As the sky with stars thick-strown
Is their shining company:
Hallelujahs, hark, they sing,
Solemn praise to God they bring.

Who are those that in their hands
Bear aloft the conqueror's palm,
As one o'er his foeman stands,
Fallen beneath his mighty arm?
What the war and what the strife,
Whence came such victorious life?

Who are those array'd in light,
Cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes most pure and white,
That unstain'd shall ever shine,
That can nevermore decay;
Whence came all this bright array?

They are those who, strong in faith,
Battled for the mighty God;
Conquerors o'er the world and death,
Following not Sin's crowded road;
Through the Lamb who once was slain,
Did they such high victory gain.

They are those who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer,
Now their strife hath found its close,
God hath turn'd away their woes.

They are branches of that Stem,
Who hath our Salvation been,
In the blood He shed for them,
Have they made their raiment clean;
Hence they wear such radiant drefs,
Clad in spotless holiness.

They are those who hourly here
Served as priests before their Lord,
Offering up with gladfome cheer
Soul and body at His word.
Now within the Holy Place,
They behold Him face to face.

As the harts at noonday pant
For the river fresh and clear,
Did their souls oft long and faint,
For the Living Fountain here.

Now their thirst is quench'd, they dwell
With the Lord they loved so well.

Thitherwards I stretch my hands,
O Lord Jesus; day by day,
In Thy house in these strange lands,
Compass'd round with foes, I pray,
Let me sink not in the war,
Drive for me my foes afar.

Cast my lot in earth and heaven
With Thy saints made like to Thee,
Let my bonds be also riven,
Make Thy child who loves Thee free;
Near the throne where Thou dost shine,
May a place at last be mine.

Ah! that bliss can ne'er be told,
When with all that army bright,
Thee, my Sun, I shall behold,
Shining star-like with Thy light.
Amen! Thanks be brought to Thee,
Praise through all eternity.

SCHENK. Died 1727.



MORNING HYMNS.



MORNING HYMNS.

1.

GOD who madest earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who the day and night hast given,
Sun and moon and starry host,
Thou whose mighty hand maintains
Earth and all that she contains;

God, I thank Thee from my heart,
That through all the livelong night,
Thou hast kept me safe apart
From all danger, pain, affright,
And the cunning of my foe,
Hath not wrought my overthrow.

Let the night of sin depart,
As this earthly night hath fled;
Jesus, take me to Thy heart,
In the blood that Thou hast shed
Is my help and hope alone,
For the evil I have done.

Help me as each morn shall break,
In the spirit to arise,
Let my soul from sin awake,
That when o'er the aged skies,
Thy great Judgment Day appear,
I may see it free from fear.

Ever lead me, ever guide
 All my wanderings by Thy Word;
 As Thou hast been, still abide
 My defence, my refuge, Lord.
 Never safe except with Thee,
 Ever Thou my Guardian be!

Mighty God, I now commend
 Soul and body unto Thee,
 All the powers that Thou dost lend,
 By Thy hand directed be;
 Thou my boast, my strength divine,
 Keep me with Thee, I am Thine.

Let Thine angel guard my soul
 From the Evil One's dark power,
 All his thousand wiles control,
 Warning, guiding me each hour,
 Till my final rest be come,
 And Thine angel bear me home.

HEINRICH ALBERT. 1644.

II.

THE golden sunbeams with their joyous gleams,
 Are kindling o'er earth, her life and mirth,
 Shedding forth lovely and heart-cheering light;
 Through the dark hours' chill I lay silent and still,
 But risen at length to gladness and strength,
 I gaze on the heavens all glowing and bright.

Mine eyes now behold Thy works, that of old
And ever are telling to all men here dwelling,
How great is Thy glory, how wondrous Thy power;
They tell of the home where the faithful shall come,
Who depart to that peace that can change not or
cease,

From earth where all passeth as passeth the hour.

Come let us raise our voices, and praise
The Maker of all, at His feet let us fall,
Offering to Him again all He hath given;
The best that is ours, our hearts and our powers,
Glad songs that we sing Him, thanks that we
bring Him—

These are the incense most grateful to Heaven.

Evening and morning thus ever He cares for us,
Blessing, renewing, warding off ruin,
These are His works, thus His goodness we prove;
When we are sleeping, watch He is keeping,
When we arise, He gladdens our eyes
With the sunshine of mercy, the glow of His love.

All passeth away, but God liveth aye,
And changeth in nought; eternal His Thought,
His Word and His Will are steadfast and sure;
Never His grace nor His mercy decays,
It heals the sad heart from its deadliest smart,
Giving it life that shall ever endure.

God, Thou my crown! forgiving look down,
And hide from Thy face through Thy pitying
grace,

All my transgressions against Thy command;
 Henceforth oh rule me, guide me and school me,
 As Thou see'st fit; my ways I commit
 All to Thy pleasure, Thy merciful hand.

Crosses and sorrow may end with the morrow,
 Stormiest seas shall sink into peace,
 The wild winds are hush'd, and the sunshine returns;
 So fulness of rest, and the calm of the blest,
 Are waiting me there, in that garden most fair,
 That home for which daily my spirit here yearns.

PAUL GERHARDT.

III.

COME, my soul, awake, 'tis morning,
 Day is dawning
 O'er the earth, arise and pray;
 Come, to Him who made this splendour,
 Thou must render
 All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars now learn thy duty,
 See their beauty
 Paling in the golden air;
 So God's light Thy mists should banish,
 Thus should vanish
 What to darken'd sense seem'd fair.

See how everything that liveth,
Gladly striveth
On the pleasant light to gaze;
Stirs with joy each thing that groweth,
As it knoweth
Darkness smitten by its rays.

Soul, thy incense also proffer;
Thou shouldst offer
Praise to Him, who from thy head
Kept afar the storms of sorrow,
That the morrow
Finds the night in peace hath fled.

Bid Him bless what thou art doing,
If pursuing
Some good aim; but if there lurks
Ill intent in thine endeavour,
May He ever
Thwart and turn thee from thy works.

Think that He, the All-discerning,
Knows each turning
Of thy path, each sinful stain;
Nay what shame would fain gloss over,
Can discover;
All thou dost to Him is plain.

Bound unto the flying hours
Are our powers;
Earth's vain good floats down their wave,
That thy ship, my soul, is halting,
Never resting,
To its haven in the grave.

Pray that when thy life is closing,
Calm reposing,
Thou mayst die, and not in pain;
That the night of death departed,
Thou glad-hearted,
Mayst behold the Sun again.

From God's glances shrink thou never,
Meet them ever;
Who submits him to His grace,
Finds that earth no sunshine knoweth
Such as gloweth
O'er his pathway all his days.

Wakenest thou again to sorrow,
Oh! then borrow
Strength from Him, whose sun-like might
On the mountain-summit tarries,
And yet carries
To the vales their mirth and light.

Round the gifts He on thee showers,
Fiery towers
Will He set, be not afraid,
Thou shalt dwell 'mid angel legions,
In the regions
Satan's self dares not invade.

VON CANITZ. 1654-1699.

IV.

DAYSPRING of Eternity!

Dawn on us this morning-tide.
 Light from Light's exhaustless sea,
 Now no more Thy radiance hide;
 But dispel with glorious might
 All our night.

Let the morning dew of love
 On our sleeping conscience rain;
 Gentle comfort from above
 Flow through life's long parched plain;
 Water daily us Thy flock
 From the rock.

Let the glow of love destroy
 Cold obedience faintly given;
 Wake our hearts to strength and joy
 With the flushing eastern heaven,
 Let us truly rise ere yet
 Life hath set.

Brightest Star of eastern skies,
 Let that final morn appear,
 When our bodies too shall rise
 Free from all that pain'd them here,
 Strong their joyful course to run
 As the sun.

To yon world be Thou our light,
O Thou glorious Sun of grace;
Lead us through the tearful night,
To yon fair and blessed place,
Where to joy that never dies
We shall rise.

VON ROSENROTH. 1684.

V.

ONCE more from rest I rise again,
To greet a day of toil and pain,
My Heaven-appointed lot;
Unknowing what new grief may be
With this new day in store for me,
But it shall harm me not
I know full well; my loving God
Will suffer not a hurtful load.

My burden every day is new,
But every day my God is true,
And all my cares hath borne;
Ere eventide can no man know
What Day hath brought of joy or woe,
And though it seem each morn
To some new path of suffering call,
With God I can surmount it all

Since this I know, oh wherefore sink,
My faithless heart? And why dost shrink

To take thy load again?
 Bear what thou canst, God bears thy lot,
 The Lord of All, He stumbleth not;
 Pure blessing shalt thou gain,
 If thou with Him right onward go,
 Nor fear to tread the path of woe.

My heart grows strong, all fear must fl
 Whene'er I feel Thy love, Most High,

 Doth compass me around;
 But would I have Thee for my shield,
 No more to sin my soul must yield,
 But in Thy ways be found;
 Thou God wilt never walk with me,
 If I would turn aside from Thee.

Dear God, let me Thy guidance find,
 I follow with a contrite mind,

 Oh make me true and pure;
 As a good soldier I will fight
 This world of sin, and in Thy might
 My victory is sure;

Then bravely I can meet each day,
 And fear it not, come what come may.

My God and Lord, I cast on Thee
 The load that weighs too sore on me,

 The yoke 'neath which I bow;
 I lay my rank, my high command,
 In my Almighty Father's hand,

 Well knowing, Lord, that Thou
 Wilt ne'er withdraw it, for Thy truth
 Hath ever guided me from youth.

To Thee my kindred I commend,
For they are safe if Thou defend,
 Oh guard them round about;
My sinful soul would shelter take
In Jesu's bosom, for whose sake
 Thou wilt not cast her out;
When soul and body part at last,
Then all myself on Thee I cast.

ANTON ULRICH,
Duke of Brunswick. 1667.

EVENING HYMNS.



EVENING HYMNS.

I.

THE happy sunshine all is gone,
The gloomy night comes swiftly on;
But shine Thou still, O Christ our Light,
Nor let us lose ourselves in night.

We thank Thee, Father, that this day
Thy angels watch'd around our way,
Warding off harm and vexing fear;
Through them Thy goodness guards us here.

Lord, have we anger'd Thee to-day,
Remember not our sins, we pray,
But let Thy mercy o'er them sweep,
And give us calm and restful sleep.

Thy angels guard our sleeping hours,
And keep afar all evil Powers;
And Thou all pain and mischief ward
From soul and body, faithful Lord!

N. HERMANN. 1560.

II.

Now rest the woods again,
Man, cattle, town and plain,
 The world all sleeping lies.
But sleep not yet, my foul,
For He who made this Whole,
 Loves that thy prayers to Him arise.

O Sun, where is Thy glow?
Thou'rt fled before thy foe,
 Thou yieldest to the night.
Farewell, a better Sun,
My Jesus, hath begun
 To fill my heart with joy and light.

The long bright day is past,
The golden stars at last
 Bestud the dark-blue heaven;
And like a star shall I
For ever shine on high,
 When my release from earth is given.

My body hastes to rest,
My weary limbs undrest,
 I put away these signs
Of our mortality;
Once Christ shall give to me
 That spotless robe that ever shines.

My head and hands and feet
 Their rest with gladness greet,
 And know their work is o'er;
 My heart, thou too shalt be
 From sinful works set free,
 Nor pine in weary sorrow more.
 Ye limbs with toil oppress'd,
 Go now and take your rest,
 For quiet sleep ye crave.
 Ere many a day is fled,
 Ye'll find a narrower bed
 And longer slumber in the grave.
 My heavy eyes must close,
 Seal'd up in deep repose,
 Where is my safety then?
 Do 'Thou Thy mercy send,
 My helpless hours defend,
 Thou sleepless Eye, that watchest over men.
 Jesus, my joy, now spread
 Thy wings above my head,
 To shield Thy little one.
 Would Satan work me wrong,
 Oh! be Thy angels' song,
 " 'To him no evil shall be done."
 My loved ones all, good night!
 No grief or danger light
 On your defenceless heads.
 God send you happy sleep,
 And let His angels keep
 Watch golden-arm'd around your beds!

III.

THE day expires;
My soul desires
And pants to see that day,
When whate'er hath vex'd her heart
Shall be done away.

The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near;
Christ, make it light within;
Drive away from out my heart
All the night of sin.

The sunbeams pale,
And flee and fail;
O uncreated Sun!
Let Thy light now shine on us,
Then our joy were won.

All things that move
Below, above,
Now with sleep are blest;
Work Thou still in me while I
Calmly in Thee rest.

When shall the sway
Of night and day,
Cease to rule man thus?
When that brightest day of days
Once shall dawn on us.

Ah! never then
Her light again
Jerusalem shall miss,
For the Lamb shall be her Light,
Filling her with bliss.

Oh were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely sounds is ringing;
Where the faints Thee, Holy Lord,
Evermore are fingering!

Lord Jesus, Thou
My 'rest art now,
Oh help me that I come,
Radiant with Thy light to shine
In Thy glorious home!

FREYLINGHAUSEN. 1704.

IV.

THE moon hath risen on high,
And in the clear dark sky
The golden stars all brightly glow;
And black and hush'd the woods,
While o'er the fields and floods
The white mists hover to and fro.

How still the earth! how calm!
What dear and home-like charm

From silent twilight doth she borrow!
Like to some quiet room,
Where wrapt in still soft gloom,
We sleep away the daylight's sorrow.

Look up; the moon to-night
Shows us but half her light,
And yet we know her round and fair.
At other things how oft
We in our blindness scoff'd,
Because we saw not what was there.

We haughty sons of men
Have but a narrow ken,
We are but finners poor and weak.
Yet airy dreams we build,
And deem us wise and skill'd,
And come not nearer what we seek

Thy mercy let us see,
Nor find in vanity
Our joy; nor trust in what departs;
But true and simple grow,
And live to Thee below
With sunny pure and childlike hearts.

Let death all gently come
At last to take us home,
And let us meet him fearlessly;
And when these bonds are riven,
Oh take us to Thy heaven,
Our Lord and God, to dwell with Thee.

We sink to slumber now
Lord, in Thy name; do Thou
Forgive our sins, and o'er our heads
Keep watch the livelong night,
And let soft sleep alight
On us, and on all sick and painful beds.

CLAUDIUS. 1782.



FOR THE SICK AND DYING.



FOR THE SICK AND DYING.

I.

IN the midst of life, behold
 Death has girt us round.
 Whom for help then shall we pray,
 Where shall grace be found?
 In Thee, O Lord, alone!
 We rue the evil we have done,
 That Thy wrath on us hath drawn.
 Holy Lord and God!
 Strong and Holy God!
 Merciful and Holy Saviour!
 Eternal God!
 Sink us not beneath
 Bitter pains of endless death,
 Kyrie eleison.

In the midst of death the jaws
 Of hell against us gape.
 Who from peril dire as this
 Openeth us escape?
 'Tis Thou, O Lord, alone!
 Our bitter suffering and our sin
 Pity from Thy mercy win,
 Holy Lord and God!
 Strong and holy God!
 Merciful and holy Saviour!

Eternal God!
 Let us not despair
 For the fire that burneth there,
 Kyrie eleison!

In the midst of hell our sins
 Drive us to despair;
 Whither shall we flee from them?
 Where is refuge, where?
 In Thee, Lord Christ, alone!
 For Thou hast shed Thy precious blood,
 All our sins Thou makest good,
 Holy Lord and God!
 Strong and holy God!
 Merciful and holy Saviour!
 Eternal God!
 Let us never fall
 From the true faith's hope for all,
 Kyrie eleison!

NOTKER tr. by LUTHER.
 Written about 900, tr. 1524.

II.

God! whom I as love have known,
 Thou hast sickness laid on me,
 And these pains are sent of Thee,
 Under which I burn and moan;
 Let them burn away the sin,
 That too oft hath check'd the love

Wherewith Thou my heart wouldst move,
When Thy Spirit works within !

In my weakness be Thou Strong,
Be Thou sweet when I am sad,
Let me still in Thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long.
All that plagues my body now,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love hath sent, for Love art Thou !

Suffering is the work now sent,
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by ;
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain ; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hush'd and still ;
Suffering is my worship now.

God ! I take it from Thy hand
As a sign of love, I know
Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
Till I pure before Thee stand.
All refreshment, all the food
Given me for the body's need,
Comes from Thee, who lov'st indeed,
Comes from Thee, for Thou art good.

Let my soul beneath her load
Faint not through the o'erwearied flesh,

Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from Thee, my God.
Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to Thee,
Nor the calm Thou givest me;
Keep Thou up the sinking heart.

Grant me never to complain,
Make me to Thy will resign'd,
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
In the flesh who suffers thus,
Shall be purified from sin,
And the soul renew'd within;
Therefore pain is laid on us.

I commend to Thee my life,
And my body to the cross;
Never let me think it loss
That I thus am freed from strife—
Wholly Thine; my faith is sure
Whether life or death be mine,
I am safe if I am Thine;
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

RICHTER. 1713.

III.

WHEN the last agony draws nigh,
My spirit sinks in bitter fear:
Courage! I conquer though I die,
For Christ with Death once wrestled here.
Thy strife, O Christ, with Death's dark power
Upholds me in this fearful hour.

In faith I hide myself in Thee,
I shall not perish in the strife;
I share Thy war, Thy victory,
And Death is swallow'd up in Life.
'Thy strife, O Christ, with Death of yore
Hath conquer'd, and I fear no more.

ANON.

IV.

LORD Jesus Christ, true Man and God
Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
And diedst at last upon the tree,
To bring Thy Father's grace to me;
I pray Thee through that bitter woe,
Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

When comes the hour of failing breath,
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death,
When from my fight all fades away,
And when my tongue no more can say,
And when mine ears no more can hear,
And when my heart is rack'd with fear ;

When all my mind is darken'd o'er,
And human help can do no more,
Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need,
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,
And shorten then the pangs of death.

All evil spirits drive away,
But let Thy Spirit with me stay
Until my soul the body leave ;
Then in Thy hands my soul receive,
And let the earth my body keep,
Till the Last Day shall break its sleep.

Joyful my resurrection be,
Thou in the Judgment plead for me,
And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face,
And give me Life of Thy dear grace !
I trust Thee utterly, my Lord,
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word :

“In truth I tell you, who receives
My word, and keeps it, and believes,
Shall never fall God's wrath beneath,
Shall never taste eternal death ;

Though here on earth, in time, he die,
He is not therefore lost; for I
Will come, and with a mighty hand
Will break away Death's strongest band,
And lift him hence that he shall be
For ever in my realm with Me.
For ever living there in bliss."
Ah let us not that glory miss!

Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt,
Help us to wait until Thou wilt
That we depart; and let our faith
Be brave and conquer e'en in death,
Firm resting on Thy sacred word,
Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

. PAUL EBER. 1557

V.

Go and dig my grave to-day!
Weary of my wanderings all,
Now from earth I pass away,
For the heavenly peace doth call;
Angel voices from above
Call me to their rest and love.

Go and dig my grave to-day!
Homeward doth my journey tend,
And I lay my staff away
Here where all things earthly end,
And I lay my weary head
In the only painless bed.

What is there I yet should do,
Lingering in this darksome vale?
Proud, and mighty, fair to view,
Are our schemes, and yet they fail,
Like the sand before the wind,
That no power of man can bind.

Farewell earth then; I am glad
That in peace I now depart,
For thy very joys are sad,
And thy hopes deceive the heart.
Fleeting is thy beauty's gleam,
False and changing as a dream.

And to you a last good night,
Sun and moon and stars so dear;
Farewell all your golden light;
I am travelling far from here,
To the splendours of that day
Where ye all must fade away.

Farewell, O ye much-loved friends!
Grief hath smote you as a sword,
But the Comforter descends
Unto them who love the Lord.
Weep not o'er a passing show,
To th' eternal world I go.

Weep not that I take my leave
Of the world; that I exchange
Errors that too closely cleave,
Shadows, empty ghosts that range

Through this world of nought and night,
For a land of truth and light.

Weep not, dearest to my heart,
For I find my Saviour near,
And I know that I have part
In the pains He suffer'd here,
When He shed His sacred blood
For the whole world's highest good.

Weep not, my Redeemer lives;
Heavenward springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives;
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust;
Love eternal whispers nigh,
"Child of God, fear not to die!"

E. M. ARNDT.

VI.

THEN I have conquer'd; then at last
My course is run, good night!
I am well pleased that it is past;
A thousand times, good night!
But ye, dear friends, whom I must leave,
Look not thus anxiously;
Why should ye thus lament and grieve?
It standeth well with me.

Farewell, O anguish, pain, and fear,
Farewell, farewell for ever!
It glads my heart to leave you here,
Redeem'd from you for ever!
Henceforth a life of joy I share,
In my 'Creator's hand;
None of the griefs can touch me there,
That haunt this lower land.

Who yet o'er earth in time must roam,
Not yet from error free,
Scarce list the language of our home,
The glad eternity.
Far better is a happy death,
Than worldly life, I trow;
The weakness once I sank beneath,
I never more shall know.

Lay on my coffin many a wreath,
For conquerors wreath'd are seen;
And lo! my soul attains through death
The crown of evergreen,
That blooms in fadeless groves of heaven
And this fair victor's crown,
That mighty Son of God hath given,
Who for my sake came down.

'Twas but awhile that I was sent
To dwell among you here;
Now God resumes what He hath lent,
Oh grieve not o'er my bier;

But say, 'twas given at His command
 Who takes it, He is just;
 Our life and death are in His hand,
 His servants can but trust.

That ye should see my grave, alas!
 Shows we are frail indeed;
 That it so soon should come to pass,
 Our Father hath decreed;
 And He your bitter grief shall still.
 Think not too young am I,
 For he who dies as God doth will,
 Is old enough to die.

Farewell, thou dear, dear soul, farewell!
 To those sweet pleasures go,
 That we who mourning here must dwell,
 Not yet, alas! can know.
 Ah when shall that great day be come,
 When these things fade away,
 And thou shalt bid us welcome home;
 Would God it were to-day!

SACER. 1665.

VII.

My God, to Thee I now commend
 My soul; for Thou, O Lord,
 Dost live and love me without end,
 And wilt perform Thy word.

To whom else should I make my plea,
That heavenly life be mine?
All souls, my God, belong to Thee,
My soul is also Thine.

Thou gav'st my spirit at my birth,
Take back what Thou hast given;
And with the Lord I served on earth,
Grant me to live in heaven.

My soul is sprinkled o'er with blood
Thy Son hath shed for us,
And in Thy sight is pure and good,
Adorn'd and radiant thus.

Thou my deliverer wast of yore,
From sin Thou mad'st me free,
Now, faithful God, dost Thou once more
In death deliver me.

Thou liv'st and lovest without end,
And dost perform Thy word;
My passing soul I now commend
To Thee, my God and Lord!

HILLER. 1765

FOR THE BURIAL OF
THE DEAD.



FOR THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

I.

OH WEEP not, mourn not o'er this bier,
On such death none should look with fear;
He died as dies a Christian man,
And with his death true life began.

Coffin and grave we deck with care.
His body reverently we bear,
It is not dead but rests in God,
And softly sleeps beneath the sod.

It seems as all were over now,—
The heavy limbs, the frowless brow,—
Yet through these rigid limbs once more
A nobler life, ere long, shall pour.

These dead dry bones again shall feel
New warmth and vigour through them steal;
Reknit and living they shall soar
On high where Christ lives evermore.

This body, lying stiff and stark,
Shall rise unharm'd from out the dark,
And swiftly mount up through the skies,
Even as the spirit heavenwards flies.

The buried grain of wheat must die,
Wither'd and worthless long must lie,
Yet springs to light all sweet and fair,
And proper fruits shall richly bear:

Even so this body made of dust,
To earth we once again entrust,
And painless it shall slumber here,
Until the Last Great Day appear.

God breathed into this house of clay
The spirit that hath pass'd away,
Christ gave the true courageous mind,
The noble heart, ye no more find.

Now earth has hid it from our eyes,
Till God shall bid it wake and rise,
Who ne'er the creature will forget,
On whom His image He hath set.

Ah would that promised Day were here,
When Christ shall once again appear;
Then shall He call, nor one be lost,
To endless life earth's buried host.

N. HERMANN. 1560.

After Prudentius.

II.

Now rests her soul in Jesu's arms,
Her body in the grave sleeps well,
His heart her death-chill'd heart re-warms,
And rest more deep than tongue can tell,—

Her few brief hours of conflict pass'd,—
 She finds with Christ, her Friend, at last;
 She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,
 God wipes away her tears, she feels
 New life that all her languor heals,
 The glory of the Lamb she sees.

She hath escaped all danger now,
 Her pain and fighting all are fled;
 The crown of joy is on her brow,
 Eternal glories o'er her shed,
 In golden robes, a queen, a bride,
 She standeth at her Sovereign's side,
 She sees His face unveil'd and bright;
 With joy and love He greets her soul,
 She feels herself made inly whole,
 A lesser light amid His light.

The child hath now its Father seen,
 And feels what kindling love may be,
 And knoweth what those words may mean,
 "Himself, the Father, loveth thee."

A shoreless ocean, an abyss
 Unfathom'd, fill'd with good and bliss,
 Now breaks on her enraptured sight;
 She sees God's face, she learneth there
 What this shall be, to be His heir,
 Joint-heir with Christ her Lord, in light.

The body rests, its labours over,
 And sleeps till Christ shall bid it wake;
 The dust that earth and darkness cover,
 Then as a sun its tomb shall break.

Ah with what joy it rises then
 To meet the perfect soul again!
 Redeem'd from death, no more to sever,
 At that great marriage feast shall they
 With all the saints their homage pay,
 And worship there the Lamb for ever.

We who yet wander through the waste,
 In faith long after thee on high;
 While here the bread of tears we taste,
 We think upon that home of joy,
 Where we (who knows how soon?) shall meet
 With all the saints at Jesu's feet,
 And dwell with Him for ever there.

 We shall see God; how deep the bliss
 We know not yet that lies in this;
 Lord Jesus, come, our hearts prepare!

ALLENDORF. 1725.

III.

OH how blessed, faithful souls, are ye,
 Who have passed through death; your God ye see;
 Escaped at last
 From all the sorrows that yet hold us fast!

Here as in a prison we are bound,
 Care and fear, and terrors hem us round,
 And all we know
 It is but toil and grief of heart below.

While that ye are resting in your home,
Safe from pain, all misery o'ercome,
 No grief or cros
Mixes with yonder joys to work you los.

Christ doth wipe away your every tear,
Ye possess what we but long for here,
 To you is sung
The song that ne'er through mortal ears hath rung.

Who is there that would not gladly die,
Changing earth for such a home on high,
 Or who would stay
To toil amid these sorrows night and day?

Come, O Christ, release us from our post,
Lead us quickly hence to yonder host,
 Whose battle won,
Now drink in joy and bliss from Thee our Sun.

SIMON DACH. 1650.



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Household Sacred Poetry

Storage

